

MAN

OCTOBER, 1951. 2/6

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By **MANUEL KIRBY**



..Of many things

Getting Around . . .

You know how greatness has its price. So do I say potently,
 of course; but one way in which I cannot possibly pay it by filling
 this column up with the names and addresses of fellows in the
 outposts of Empire who want to correspond with Australians.
 From a hundred places a thousand letters cover all worthy
 causes, but dull reading for you.

I claim the privilege of making an exception in the case of
 Legionnaire Fernand Ruby, 687233, Detachment Legion au Kruider,
 Algeria. This is strictly for those who didn't crib in the
 French classes. Leg. Ruby writes: "Je vous agit e'il vous est
 possible de me trouver une marmalade de gâteaux dans votre
 pays. Je suis de nationalité Française, et j'ai 33 ans. Il me reste
 encore quatre ans de service à faire dans la Légion Etrangère
 Française Dans l'espèce, Monsieur le Directeur, d'avoir de votre
 part une réponse satisfaisante . . ."

Do your best with that one.

Cash . . .

There has been, in and around Sydney, a spate of pay-as-you-
 drink milk deliveries. Well, the system is good enough for the
 robust and serious drinkers in another place (as they say in
 Parliament) but the ritual of fronting up to the milk bill each
 week was abandoned — to the extent that no coin beside the
 milk jug meant no milk. Imagine your reporter's embarrassment,
 therefore, when he was recently confronted by the milkman.
 "Do you mind paying once a week?" that worthy asked. "Some-
 body's been doing the rounds about two cart-lengths ahead of
 the delivery man and scooping up the milk money."

That I thought of it first I'd have benefitted to the extent of
 £3 to £3 10s a night.

Wedding . . .

Know a delightful country couple who didn't mind flying
 500 miles to Sydney to be present at the wedding of some friends,
 which, they believed, took place on a Thursday. So they hit
 town on Tuesday evening, and idled away the night. Wednesday
 morning a telephone call from some mutual friends. "Why
 weren't you at the wedding?" The ceremony had been taking
 place as they arrived, and the hilarity had been in progress
 while they were killing time around the pub. So they fumbled it,
 and it was one of things you needed a sense of humour to
 explain.

Machine Age . . .

Noticed a gentleman advertising for a housekeeper. Indus-
 trious to prospective responders stated no washing or ironing to
 be done, no sweeping or floor polishing, no cooking. I'm wonder-
 ing just what he did want!

Plonk . . .

The first war diggers, trying to get their tongues around the
 French "vin blanc" (pronounced "vang blang" and meaning
 white wine) reduced the difficult phrase to blong, then to plonk,
 and this word has regrettably passed into the language as a
 synonym for "wine" white or otherwise, and has acquired a
 derogatory meaning. But travelling Spanish author Senor Sal-
 azar Meriand, lecturing in Sydney, was high in his praise of
 Australian wines, to which he applied some very pretty and

poetic descriptions. I have delighted, over the years, in chattering eases where people from wine-famous European countries have praised Australian wine, and add this further instance of a visitor appreciating more than we do ourselves the excellence of our product. A good first step in domestic appreciation of Australian wine would be to ban the weed "plonk" from use.

* * *

Best Friends . . .

I feed my dog on horse meat, thus instinctively confusing the issue as to which is really man's best friend and raising another problem about man's second best friend being the best friend of man's best friend.

But horses, while alive, are sentimental creatures, especially those horses which assist in the delivery of bread and rolls. If you want your name in the paper I suggest you take to feeding a horse an apple on your way to work. The horse will soon come to look for you each a.m., and the newspapers will photograph you in your humanitarian act. The really significant thing, however, is the speed with which the horse will make it obvious that you two are buddies. There's a sentimental horse in Rayston Square, King's Cross, Sydney, which just loves to be patted by children. So much so that when the milkman takes his bottles into the flats there, the horse makes his own way around the square in pursuit of the children. More than once in an endeavour to reach unwittingly grunted children, this horse has carted the cart to an angle where bottles of milk have fallen and broken. If this happens again the residents may be expected to emerge carrying their pet cats to the spilt milk.

* * *

Thought . . .

Virtue, as a lovely young woman said to me the other day, has more admirers than followers.

* * *

Children . . .

In the face of world pessimism the human race will go on. Votes of confidence in humanity have been passed by two writers well known to MAN readers — Asher Joel and Jules Archer, both of whom are jubilating (as fathers will) over new children.

With a sense of humour which can only be admired in a father of three, Archer sends us an official announcement which is neatly printed in blue (for boys) on a card which starts off: "FOR SALE — ONE DOUBLE BED."

* * *

Take It . . .

Have a neighbour who locks his car keys in his car every two or three months. He has become proficient in opening his locked, modern car in a matter of two or three minutes. So he's wondering why the guy who tried to punch it a while ago had to force off all the door handles and then give up!

A superb pen!—This new

Parker "51"

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pen with the
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FOR THE
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Try it and you'll want to buy it—for yourself or as a gift for some special friend.

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"Chocolate experts tell me—the louder the snap the better the chocolate", says Chips. "That tells me why I go for Small's Club Chocolate in a big way. It's got a not-so-sweet flavour—rich with natural chocolate."

**Small's make
Great Chocolate**

P.S. Another winner from Small's—
"CHERRY NOUGAT". Try it! You'll love it!

Hearing Note . . .

I have received numerous complaints from people who are building houses, that there are apparently few architects who are car drivers. That isn't surprising—I'd expect most of them to be chauffeur-driven these days! But the basis of the complaint is that architects never put a garage in a place where driving in is easy, except under pressure. Now a lot of drivers aren't so hot at manoeuvring a car, and are apt to be querulous in their judgment; but it is true that many plans I have seen (and some actual houses) have garages in such a position that it is a feat of skill to get the car in and out with only inches to spare. One friend of mine sees a silver lining in this cloud. "My wife can't get the car in or out at all," he says; "at least that stops her driving out and having an accident!"

★ ★ ★

Accidents . . .

It's a wonder to me that something hasn't been organised to deal with the ever increasing accident toll. Most accidents, I find, are damage to cars, not to people; and there is little doubt that a leading cause is people who fail to give traffic signals, especially when pulling out from the kerb. It has always seemed to me that if accident policies could be based on drivers instead of on cars, the position would be very different. Then the cost of having a motorcycle and ripping off bumper bars could be pruned down, and a man might give more sagable and extreme care in the hope of keeping his record clean. Also, a man with a heavy accident record could pay a loading on his own policy instead of the present idea of loading everybody's car policy so men who haven't had an accident claim in ten years, or even, still contribute to the rising scale of costs to cover increased accidents. I don't expect such a change will ever be made, but you can't get hurt for dreaming.

★ ★ ★

Value . . .

I'd love to have a fuel shed on a river bank. If I had such a valuable piece of property I'd make an easy million in no time and give up writing this column. Recently, with an idea of entertaining the wife and family over a holiday period, I hired what was described as a clean all-electric cottage on the waterfront. Happily I have been taught to be cautious: I went in advance to see it—two hostels with a connecting door, an (all-electric) powerpoint to which you could attach toaster, hot-water jug and radio; and on the waterfront—down the original 20 steps with the w.e. at the top of the steps!

And the smell . . . !

We spent the holiday at home, cursing liars who mis-claim on a smelly shed. Or are their standards such that they really think a pig-sty is a human habitation?



"In the half-hour we've been standing here that new fellow hasn't done a bit of work!"

Feel as good as you look

IN A *Speedo*

Treat yourself to colourful good looks on the beach this summer. Step out in brand spanking new Speedo beach shorts with the complete confidence of a man who knows he looks good because he feels good —you can't help it . . . it's the Speedo tailoring.



AT LEFT: Gleaming satin knicker by Jockey of Scotland. Speedo featured for perfect muscle flexing freedom in five eye-catching, shimmering colours.

ABOVE LEFT: Speedo boxer shorts, in a range of specially selected materials which shed water like a duck's back. Your choice of Nylon, the wonder cloth, Buck's famous Canvas fabric or English gabardine. In-built support and bright/white waist. New water colour range.

ABOVE RIGHT: Speedo "Beachmaster" Meshing boxer shorts and beach suit in Buck Canvas fabric. Buy them separately or as a pair.

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RP50

Nationhood



AT A MEETING of the Loan Council the Prime Minister pointed out that a dangerous financial situation had developed in Australia.

He made two points: one that Australia was trying to do too much with her available resources of men, power and materials, and two, that Australia had begun far too many projects before finishing equally large works already under way.

The really alarming statement is that which tells of too many projects begun, too few finished.

Once a project is begun, it has to be finished or everything spent on it becomes wasted. There was the classic example of the Illuka railroad, planned to carry N.S.W. resources from inland to the coast. Temporarily suspended, it has now become derelict. A tremendous sum of money was spent preparing the track, making cuttings, levelling, even laying sleepers. On the site today is no railroad; but somebody found all the money spent there, for which there is nothing to show.

It is an easy matter to plan a project, or to arrive on a good idea and enthusiastically build a case as to why it should be done, and done now.

But every project begun and suspended is money wasted.

It is a terrible trap for a young and enthusiastic country that wants to grow quickly to aim at too many bull's eyes and hit none of them.

There will always be a seasonal interest which clamours for large expenditure to serve a small community. And the Prime Minister's note of realism — that Australia is trying to do too much with her available resources — is one to ponder deeply.

GREATER FEAR, however, is to be felt, when it is contemplated that shivered projects from the past are today pinching and harping the essential work of the community.

Hardly timber cutters are

feeling that pinch because the timber they cut cannot be trucked to marketing areas. This is because of the shortage of rolling stock on the railways; yet the only way we have of bridging Australia's vast distances is by such rolling stock.

The shortage did not occur overnight. It came about gradually at first — and no steps were taken to keep pace with it.

Then you have industry, which would never have agreed to a four-day working week at the demand of any group of individuals, hardly accepting a four-day working week in N.S.W. as a result of black-out conditions.

Again, then as the result of shortage of equipment. And again, the situation did not arise in a day or a week. Again, no success was experienced in stepping up production to meet growing demands.

There are the people who require galvanised iron, and wire netting for fencing, etc., who are now being offered imported material — some high-priced stuff from Japan — because of the shortage of labour to work the plant we have, or the shortage of coal to heat the furnaces . . .

On shortages the Government will blame past Governments. Yet it is well known that these phases of administration are only approved by Ministers, the planning, recommendations and other executive steps being taken by men who remain as their public service jobs no matter what changes of Government occur.

Yet the best we can see at the moment is that shortages will continue because projects have to be halted. And the next excuse for shortages given is a power-hungry, transport-short community will be that "to curb inflation" these demands had to be shelved.

And all that is wanted, all the time, is efficiency in providing for national wants.

—FRANK S. GREENOP

Load up evenly-

WRONG



RIGHT



WRONG



RIGHT



WRONG



Check overhanging loads too as the leverage multiplies wheel loads

RIGHT



and you'll save on tyres!

It's not only over loading that cuts short tyre life. Uneven loading is tough on tyres too producing dangerous swaying, causing wheels and tyres to carry unequal shares of the load. It takes no longer to load your vehicle evenly - yet this saves pounds on tyre bills. Get the most out of your tyres by checking load capacity and correct distribution of weight every trip.

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in a week.
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daily diet."



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ALL-BRAN***

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END IRREGULARITY—the way NATURE intended.

AM-12



18 MAN, October, 1961

MAN to Man



Western . . .

The "True" opening drama of the current show, "Death Ride to a Fiesta," is one of the great Western dramas of all time; the massacre of the Alamo (pronounced Ah-lamo) deals with the struggles of the Americans to sort out their problems on the Mexican border, and one of the central characters is James Bowie, the designer of the famous Bowie knife. See page 12.

Technique . . .

Command to your notice the job artist Phillips has done in illustrating Jim Hollidge's story, "The Mighty Atom," page 54. Artist Phillips set out to do something new, and did it, combining his scraper-board technique with colour painting. The scraping is a very effective black-and-white method; using it with colour the artist has handed out a very fine variegated result.

Poison . . .

The use of curare poison (used by South American Indians on the arrows they fire from blowpipes) in fiction is not a novelty, nor is it odd; but it's been done. A young student of writing asked Dick Wilkes Huxter, a veteran short story writer as you know, to write a demonstration piece showing how he could make use of this idea of curare poisoning. Dick cadged his heroes; he left the responsibility of showing a new angle on the subject, and cured himself for agreeing to do such a thing. But it's turned out nice again, and the story (page 42 this issue) was a completely successful demonstration right up to the point of sale.

Pirate . . .

There's a nice smattering of realism about the Lady Pirate (page 24) this issue, due to the fact that artist Holford had the inspiration of Meryl Jones modelling the pose. So if you like the result, well, everybody's happy.

Pix . . .

Tony Cleal operates the photographic firm of John Lee Ltd., in Sydney, and is the Schneider through whose eyes you see (page 18) the feminine beauty of the month. Tony is an Englishman four years in Australia, a nice guy who says, "I don't photograph nudes." So you don't get any studies of the nude from Tony. Time passes and one day you ask, conversationally, "Why don't you ever photograph nudes, Tony?" and he says, "Well, there isn't enough market for them in Australia. They don't pay." And that is, to us, sufficient answer. Nevertheless we have no dissatisfaction with the kind of photography in which Tony indulges. Have you?

Coming . . .

In MAN November Harry Rosenberg (of whom more next month) tells the story of his fantastic and successful hunt for treasure sunken in the depths of the sea; Dick Woodley contributes a fine piece of racing fiction, "Used to Stay"; and new MAN writer Fred Jones spins a fine Whodunnit in "The Certain Rock." Louis H. Clark writes another fine ballad; Jim Hollidge tells the story of "The Man the Mountains Couldn't Hold"; and Frank Clune, Chris Jenkinson and Ceola Montgomerie are among the contributors who help to give page-by-page entertainment. There's a lot more to be said for the issue — watch it, brother, watch it!

*They never
vary!*





to laugh. He chuckled again.

Old Tomas spot upon all the gringos of all the earth. De-filed sons of twice-diffied mothers, let them laugh while they would. At the moment, he . . . Tomas . . . did not care to laugh. He was content to watch and be wary and to wait . . . as he had waited these many days since they had ridden here to the Alamo. First there had come thirty of them more . . . and they had stabled their horses at the Alamo and had called aloud for wine and young girls.

And the girls and the wine had been brought to them. Old Tomas reminded himself. His gaze wandered from the patio towards the barbarous fires "Barata!" he mumbled bitterly. "Barata! Wanting . . . fit fare for gringos and worse!"

But there was none to heed him among the twony, Etho-

village wenches who were clustered close to the patio and yet seeming to hold themselves demurely aloof, chattering like so many parakeets and as brilliant as parakeets also in their skirts of emerald-green and peacock-blue, of turquoise and flamed vermillion which sparkled vividly to the glow of the flames.

The frothy, wide-cut necklines of their blouses drooped on their slender lacings to give sly hints of firm, uplifted breasts and the golden down of their bare shoulders was only half concealed by their lace mantillas.

"Barata!" repeated Old Tomas.

Yes, the Yankis had enjoyed the wine and the girls. Even when another rider had come galloping out of Texas over the Rio Sabino, they had greeted his message with



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jeers "No!" they had shouted "There shall be no return. Here we have wine and women . . . and our guns! Here we are and here we stay!"

Old Tomas allowed himself

to peer at a second-story window, faintly lit by a rush-lamp. He knew without telling whom fever had forced to remain in that room. It was the one they called Bowke . . . El Coronel Bowke . . . he who had forged a knife from a file and with it had slain a Natchez brave in single-handed fight . . . and then had taken a Natchez squaw as his wife . . . so that all the plains had named the new knife with his name.

When The One They Called Petrelle and He Whom They Named Natchez had come to him to do what must be done, they had asked him first of Bowke. And when he had told them that Bowke lay on his bed . . . weak of the fever and unable to rise . . . they had seemed pleased . . . yes, pleased . . . and less afraid.

Old Tomas felt a bitter sickness sour in his mouth as he saw a woman outlined against the lighted window of the room where Bowke lay.

Her hair hung below her waist in two long, plaited braids and her slim body showed clear-cut and trim in her suit of fringed buckskins.

Yes, these dragoon, even the wild Natchez woman, they took Old Tomas wailed.

Utter fingers nigged the muscle of his arm. "Trevor!" the voice of The One They Called Petrelle gasped quaveringly. "Have no fear," Old Tomas reassured him.

Trevor was the lanky man who had stooped down from the patio relied on his high-heeled riding-boots as he strolled lazily toward the cluster of girls and, as he walked, the divine fires glowed dully in the ornamented hulls of the two heavy coils which he carried strapped low down on either thigh.

"Trevor!" cried Old Tomas and sent the first crashing chords of the *Flamenco* thrumming through the dark night.

The last tip of the ankle



"Don't be silly, my bee. All Margarettas are fools for a pretty face. That's why there are still Margarettas."



3



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6

moon disappeared behind the ridge of hills. Under Old Tom's garbled fingers, the music paled louder and faster and louder and faster as Ferrillo and Ketchum joined in with a peering counter-strain and in the deep, sullen gulches. Death . . . whose other name was the General Santa Anna . . . mounted his grey horse.

With one thousand two hundred of his kind to keep him company, he rode across the dusty plains and their shallow, dried arroyos to join in the fiesta.

But there was no one in the hacienda who tried to delay his coming. As the guitars throbbed on, the shimmering skirts of the girls spun in widening circles of prismate colours; a high-thung foot caught the beam of an emerald-embroidered sash and kicked over beyond the yelling mob. But Travis was, despite his haste, footing it with the best of them; and in the upper room Jim Bowie wiped the sweat from his face and grinned at Caschira his wife and the five men who lay beside him.

Even the sentry on the upper wall turned his back on the lonely darkness.

Only Old Tom's was not watching. He was staring with expressionless eyes, past the two-pointed star on the mouldering building which had once been a convent, out towards the dark sandy plains. "Enough!" he cried suddenly and struck a last jangling chord.

Close as an echo, the first shot echoed through the night. He caught the sentry on the wall and hurled him in a backstitch heap into a clump of cactus . . . and then the shrieking screams of the women were drowned in the muffle of musketry.

"The cat!" The girl yelled Travis, breathing a way through her nose. He was firing from

the hip with both hands when he reached it. A stumpy, little Mexican infantryman, his sword-bayonet still at the point, parted his lips in a grotesque quirk of startled surprise before he dropped his musket and, clutching at his stomach, slid limply aside like a rag doll.

The outer dark was filled with racing shadows and, somewhere beyond there, Travis seemed to glimpse another shape towering astride a huge grey horse and brandishing a curved sabre as it shrieked insanely: "Kill! Kill! To the last man, kill!" In the upper window, a woman with long, plaited braids appeared briefly and vanished.

But now, around Travis, Coils were cracking; buffalo guns rumbled their guttural bellows; the long-rifle of some mountain trapper barked its shrill yelp; and, here and there, even pocket derringers



7

H. Blomhard

spurred venomously. The racing shadows were lost in other shadows and with them went the shape on the grey horse. "They'll be back," cried Travis.

Common Faults in Sport —

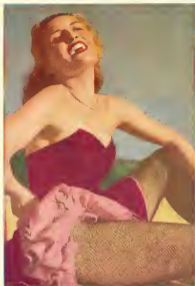
Keep A Level Head

THE sight of a really good diver on exhibition is quite an experience, isn't it? The mind of the onlooker grasps at phrases like "poetry of motion" and "beautiful co-ordination," as the marine scuba curves through the air and knits into the water. The champ has many, many hours of solid, monotonous practice behind him by the time he starts cramming the side-board with trophies. No doubt there was a time, long ago, when he, too, may have dived from the side of the pool and smacked the water flat with his belly. Maybe he, too, scrambled out of the water with a face as red as his stung stomach. The belly-dopper is known the world over and is a result of the commonest fault exhibited by beginners: failure to keep the neck and head in line with the spine. Flun-

ing the head as the fall starts, causes the diver to land flat on his stomach. It is embarrassing, it hurts, and it is the worst possible diving mistake. Bending the head too far forward will cause too deep a dive.

Here are the fundamentals for a dive from a rock or the side of the pool. The swimmer stands with toes curled over the edge and arms extended forward. As the forward lean starts, he quickly bends his knees for a forward and upward spring. While in the air the body describes an arc, straightening as it enters the water. The lift of the arms helps the diver up and away from the edge.

As soon as the body is completely under water, by easing the head and pulling down with the arms, the diver comes back to the surface.



There is a freedom in the open air
That makes the blood beat faster in the veins,
Of this the poet sings in quiet quodlings,
But it is best expressed in laughter fair.

Reloading his Colts, he looked around the piazza.

Over in their corner of the wall, The One They Called Petrito and He Who Had Been Named Esteban, squatted, hunched with their straw concheros drawn low over their faces and their chains pressed to their chests. Old Tomas alone was erect and alert.

Soon now he would have his time to laugh, he was promising himself.

"How stands it?" called the woman from the upper window.

"We hold, Conchita!" replied Travis.

From his corner of the court-yard, Old Tomas fixed him with unmoving eyes.

Outside, a bugle pealed and the barred gate splintered into fragments as a field-gun boomed. A hub-bub of voices rose to a roaring yell. Scattered rows of bayonets thrust like a thorn hedge above the adobe

wall. The attack was now really on.

"Fight, you bastards, fight!" urged Travis, knowing that it would be the last thing they could ever do. But the torrent of bayonets sprayed through the gateway and raged over the wall while the gaunt from astride the huge grey horse brandished its curved sabre and screamed in its insane triumph: "Kill! Kill! To the last man, kill!"

At last, Old Tomas laughed

his laugh and, drawing a day's knife from his waist-band, plunged into the torrent, flooding with it over a litter of bodies towards Travis where he stood with a gun in each hand on the stairs.

"So you, too, Tomas!" asked Travis almost sympathetically and, aiming his pistol straight into Tomas's face, pulled the trigger. The hammer struck an empty cartridge with a futile click.

"Even so, senor . . . and my moment to laugh," Old Tomas replied politely and drove the day's knife home.

He did not even hear Travis moan as he trod him underfoot to dash on up the stairs.

The rush-lamp was spluttering in the upper room as he flung the door ajar. Of the women with the long, braided plaits, there was no trace; five men, wrapped in their blankets, waited as if in a drugged trance for their fate, but Bowie, trembling in his weakness, had raised himself on his elbow, with the knife they had named for him grasped in his fist.

Old Tomas waved aside the bayonets that had followed him through the door. "A knife for a knife," he called. "A gringo knife and mine! It is a test!"

"If you please," said Bowie, sipping the sweat from his eyes.

"Thus," said Old Tomas and lunged. "Conchita!" cried Bowie once and his knife fell with a thud to the floor.

"That was the test," Old Tomas told the bayonets at the door.

"The test is not yet done," murmured a woman's voice with a strange tone of tenderness. "Try the Seicheen way!"

With a grasp of disbelief, Old Tomas saw the woman with the braided plaits reach from her refuge beneath the bed and seize the Bowie knife. For an instant she balanced it on her palm, then she threw it.

It had pierced Old Tomas's throat before he had time to realize that bayonets had gained her to the floor. Then it was too late for him to care.

Beloso, Death . . . whose other name was Santa Anna . . . astride his grey horse "Who lives?" he called. "Five," they answered. "They die!" he commanded. They died.

Which is probably why two nameless graves in a Mexican gulch can explain what happens if you movie Death . . . especially when he is Santa Anna . . . to a fiesta. And also why the proudest boast of Texas is: "Thermopylae had his messenger of disaster . . . The Alamo had none."



*You may think that I am thus gaily attired
For some lethal purpose for which I've
been hired;*

*But I hope you'll believe me, it's plain
common sense:*

*I am dressed to attend to my own self-
defence —*

*Believe me, I'm gentle, kind-hearted, and
more!*

*Yes I find that I have to keep wolves from
my door!*

Edith Head





Personality girls—but TALL

EYE OF THE BEHOLDING No. 6

TONY CLEAR, who, four years ago, took over Jabot Lee Ltd., Sydney, is a British-trained photographer whose work is mostly concerned with fashion. "I specialise in fashion photography because I like it," he says. "Photography is a hobby to many people, an art to a few. It is business to me. That is why I don't photograph nude. You can make some lovely studies of the nude, but you don't earn any money that way."

Tony finds Australian models among the most beautiful and physically perfect in the world.

But he also finds they frequently lack the polish and poise that is of such importance in a spontaneous and sophisticated picture, and fashion photography demands a smooth, sophisticated finish, he believes.

As for an ideal model, he hasn't one, because "it all depends on how you want to photograph her," he says. A good figure is necessary, but height is all-important. Five feet eight is not too tall for a model. Colouring usually doesn't matter. Good bone structure, high cheekbones, well-shaped nose, are important. But poise, personality are the essentials.

Tony is unmarried, but his choice of models would have no more to do with his ideal woman than would an author's characters to do with his





Illustrated by HART AMOS

DUSTY

He thought it was a glamour job: when he saw the dust curtain he knew it held death—or shame—or victory.

TED LAY flat along the tank of the big Norton, with his knees and elbows tucked up under him, and the soles of his feet pointed to the rear. The motor sang the song appropriate to a three-figure speed, steadily maintained with the throttle twist-grip right round against the stop. The sensation was exhilarating, and quite different from the feeling doing the same pace or even more in a breathless downhill rush with chattering valves and a foot poised ready over the brake on a long, straight in a road race. Here you just lay along the tank, and kept the throttle wide, and a cautious eye on the flags that

marked the made of the track, and enjoyed it.

Out from Ted's back wheel a plume of dust spouted, thick and fast-moving for a few yards before it spread lazily into the air and hung there. When it did that it was then, but languidly disinclined to settle, or blow away, or keep rising in the air. When he had completed a two-mile lap it was still there, waiting for him at the place where he had first opened up the taps. But it was so thin he didn't really notice it. He was finding it curious that on this vast, flat surface there was no particular feeling of speed. The flags flid past in a way that showed he was moving, all right, and

even though the curves were so gradual the Norton banked over a long way on them, and the drone of the exhaust was that of a happy engine giving its utmost. But there was no great sensation, except one of content with swift movement that the senses couldn't measure properly. He was enjoying it.

His speed carried him far past where that was happening before he could see the flag he had hit. He instinctively knew what had happened when numbing pain shot up his leg, and the inside footrest was suddenly angled backwards as though it had been swept with a hammer.

The dust wasn't thick, yet,

but there was enough of it to lay a film on his goggles, and he dabbed at the lenses with a dusty hand in his front straight. There wasn't much time for it, for in spite of the size and perfect surface of the track he wanted both fists firm on the grips for the town corner. Joe had been right, he realised, and there was more to this simple, hard-track, high-speed racing than you'd think.

He did another lap, and then saw Joe signalling him to come in, so he eased the Norton back to a gentle ninety or so, and when he was round again shut the throttle and rolled off the track, over to the camp. Ed, middle-aged Joe ambled across



The track was dust—red darkness into which only an instant would ride. He saw crashes and tumbling, smashing machines and bodies where the dust was thick.

TRACK

GAVIN S. CASEY • FICTION

from the track's edge, with a stop-watch in his hand, looking pleased. He showed it to her, and after some rapid mental arithmetic Ted looked pleased, too.

"You held her in a bit too close on that second lap, didn't you?" Joe asked, his eyes narrowed a trifle. "What happened?"

"Just that—didn't have the feel of it right, and held her a bit too close," Ted said. He remembered his toes, wriggled them experimentally, and found them a bit sore but obviously not crushed or broken. "I've done it once, and found out how not to. You needn't be frightened I'll do it again."

"What about the dust?"

"Nothing!" Ted was scornful. "Bit of a nuisance, but that's all."

"That wasn't real dust," Joe pointed out. "That was only your own dust—only a few grains compared with what's in the air when there's a dozen others on the track. Didn't I see you dab at your goggles, once?"

"Sure," said Ted, a trifle annoyed. "In the front straight. Seemed the sunbrite thing to do."

"Not on this track, it isn't. When you're racing and there's real dust, you judge the point where you'd see better without goggles, and then you just pull them off your eyes."

"Well, there'll be some

bloodshot eyes before the meeting's over," the rider protested.

"My teeth!" Joe agreed with his heaviness. "But bloodshot eyes get better faster than broken necks."

During the morning Joe worked on Ted's and Len's engines, and on Fernie's car, and the riders gave a hand or looked around, depending on how they felt.

But when Joe sent him out for a few more miles, at 11.30, he discovered that the dust looked different from the inside.

For a start, he thought he was in a thick patch, and jugged along at about eighty, waiting to come out of it.

Half-way round his first lap the red fog was still there, and he could only see half-a-dozen flags ahead. His hair crawled on the back of his skull at the idea of getting up fifty was less at the idea of being less than fifty yards, and he began to feel miserable. Then a tornado of noise and crouching power swept past, and in the split-second that was available for identification, he recognised it as old Lefty Flynn on the old Brough-Supernor. They were the first man and the first machine to over clock more than 100 m.p.h. on the lake, and the aged 1,000 c.c. J.A.P. engine could still hit three figures—but only just! They



"I wonder if this has anything to do with it?"

had no right whatever to be bellowing past him like that. He set his teeth and went after the through.

It took him two humiliating laps to get Lefty in sight again, and then Flynn shut off and rolled his big twin off the track. Ted was left with a sour taste in his mouth that came from his own stomach—or, he thought, his lack of it. He had ridden the four fast miles in a sort of terror he had never known before, constantly telling himself that

there was nobody else speeding ahead on the stretches he couldn't see, that Walker or the Rudge was half a lap away, and that young James had been on the other side of the track when he'd started. And even at that he'd never had the big Norton quite at full revs. As he thumped back to the camp, his private chase turned to panic as he suddenly remembered that old Joe's stop-watch would have told him the true story.

"I—I don't think she was

running quite right," Ted said, hating himself for lying meanly, putting the blame on a good machine. "She didn't seem to have quite the berbe she had this morning."

The others were around, and Joe didn't tell the secrets the watch had revealed to him "I'll have a look at her," he said. "That plug ought to be just about cooked by now."

"Listen, Joe," Ted gulped, after a while. "You were right about the dust. I never struck anything like it. I suppose I can't handle it."

"Think, Ted," said Joe, without even looking up from the pieces of carburettor he had spread on a sheet. "It worries anybody, at first, but there's nothing low that can't get used to it."

"I won't," said Ted, with unusual humility. "I just can't turn it on, Joe."

"If I didn't know better I'd reckon you were a fool, talking like that after a total of about ten laps," Joe told him, suddenly angry. "You went after Lefty, didn't you?"

"I wasn't fat out, even then," the rider confessed. "I just couldn't give it the best foot cooness, and I made my toes ache holding my foot ready over the brake just in case."

Joe put down his spanners at last, and looked at his

rider. "There's no secret except wanting to win," he explained.

"Listen, Joe," he said. "I don't have to tell to you. I'm scared of it. What about getting Ferpie to take me for a few laps in his car tomorrow? Sitting beside him, and not being able to shut the throttle might cure me."

Joe's eyes opened wide. "By cripes, it might!" he agreed. "Leave it to me, son."

But next day, when Ted went around the lake in the car, it was worse. Ferpie's long-legged, lean Scotch face was alert but unworried, and Ted envied and for the time hated him. On the flat, unbanked track the cars couldn't go as fast as the motorcycles, because they couldn't lean over, but they could go fast enough. Ferpie lapped for ten minutes at about ninety-five miles an hour, and Ted, sitting beside him, suffered lectures.

"It's no good," he pleaded with Joe, afterwards. "If you've got any sense you'll put Len on the Norton, and let me go home. The dust's got me beat."

Joe's face was a little grey, because he was a racing mechanic who didn't give all he knew to the best machine in his stable to have it ridden by

TRIAL, ERROR AND SUCCESS

There is a divine fair to see,
Happy as a girl can be,
Who loved an artist passionately,
And then gave him the brush.
She then implored in his place
A nightclub man with worldly grace,
But he was maddy in the face
When he lost her in the crush:
She tried her subtle wiles upon
The wifery of a current song.
Who called the time and called it wrong,
She would not let him have the lay;
But now she's given up showing men
For she tried just once again —
Running rings around a jeweller, then
She married happily.

—Quelst

somebody who wouldn't open the tape, but he was a mate of Ted's and they had shared their ups and downs. "Puffin' he snorted, sounding almost as if he was sure of himself. "That's only practice, son. Wait until you're racing, and you won't let anybody go past you."

Ted cherished that idea, but when they reached the day of the racing he was by no means sure of it. The rumour that the Norton was better than he was had got around the other camps, and he wasn't looking people in the face. The good chairs in rival teams were so careful not to let him know that they knew that the dust had him beaten that he could see — or imagined he could see — their real thoughts in their faces while their tongues were talking in friendly comfortable ways.

The night before the carnival Joe beckoned him off into the bush, and said, earnestly, "I know how you feel, son."

"You don't," Ted told him, earnestly. "You used to ride once yourself, and you held it flat out, didn't you?"

"Aw, we was only doing eighty, in those days," Joe said, with crafty modesty. "The track was better, anyway, an' there wasn't so much dust."

"You ought to put Tom on the Norton," Ted urged, with a sudden conviction that letting fat Joe down would be worse than a personal failure.

"Well, I'm not going to," said Joe, with his third class stick-up. "I turned her for you, and brought you here to ride her, and you're bloody well going to ride her — and flat out, too, don't you no doubt?"

"I'll try, Joe," Ted said, feeling that he would, and then immediately doubting it.

"You damn well will," Joe instructed him. "For one thing she's too good to waste — she handles the State Championships. We'll only start in the Australian championship, and we'll win it, see?"

Ted realized, with gratitude and fear that Joe had released him from a lot of strain and trouble, and at the same time someone big load on his mind. He tried to arrange his face into an expression that would suit the occasion, and couldn't, and wanted to let his features settle into a permanent, but couldn't do that either.

The morning of the races dawned with fire over the horizon, and the great, hard sun lay in clear air that would be filled with dust and noise soon. From the camps in the low hills came anxious, early-morning yellows of exhausted mechanics and riders preparing breakfast in last-

minute efforts to find missing horsepower. Swearing officials rushed about worrying about the safety of spectators and their cars and the riders and themselves, and the possibility of stray dogs arriving and barking somewhere in the dust to cause disaster. Ted saw it all mumble, and the fat, perfectly turned engine of the Norton as the unthinking steel and aluminum that would decide his fate.

He found himself on the line for the Ten Mile Australian Championship still filled with a sense of unready familiarity men and machines on each

side of him managed somehow to look merely eager, apparently not suffering the complicated feelings that had taken possession of him. When the gun went, he automatically used all the acceleration the Norton had, and he felt slightly irritated that it didn't seem to be as much as usual. He had expected Traitor Morgan, on the "Dewey" AJS to get ahead in the first hundred yards, because of his fiery, short-stroke engine, but when Green Parker and Nugget Williams shot out in front, he wasn't very pleased. For half a lap he tried so hard to catch

them that he never noticed their dust, but then it loomed up in the usual terrifying, impenetrable cloud. He eased the throttle back before he even thought, and then jerked it open again in rage with himself. But in the back straight the threat of the red fog that might be full of crashing tumbling limbs and machinery could no longer be resisted. When a leather figure that obviously, from its attitude, belonged to Phil Jay went past, he didn't even worry. But when Harry Herring passed him it was different. They

(Page 26, please)



"Yes, for thirty-three years. What's new?"



The Lady Was A Pirate—3.

A Corsair Died In Flames

HASSEDAH was her name, and had she been a lesser person she would have met with capital punishment at an early age; for among the Moorish women were veils and did as they were told.

Something told Hassedah, at the age of about nineteen, that she had something extra. Possibly it was the fact that her Mohammedan husband, who was a sailor, was pretty keen on her personal charms, and the subsequent discovery that when she came out from behind her veil she could twist him around her little finger.

She came out from behind her veil and persuaded him to take her on a trading trip along the Mediterranean. All his talk about piracy was graphic and blood-bespinkled, but it didn't scare Hassedah, and she kept her veil down until she'd won her point.

When the "Sea-Eagle" (that is the English equivalent of its Arabic name) sailed, Hassedah was aboard; and as its long slim lines were rowed through the tideless Mediterranean she probably enjoyed herself a good deal.

But events quickly proved that her husband's working-back-at-the-office story was not a lie to scare her off; and as some swiftnailing pirates strove to take over the ship Hassedah saw what he meant. She also saw, for the first time, the efficiency of the crossbow in action. Its bolt hit her husband in the chest; he toppled back onto the deck dead. She stood, wide-eyed, watching the crew prepare to give over to the pirate

conqueror. Then her blood was up.

Grasping her husband's scimitar Hassedah yelled at the men to fight. She (metaphorically at least) dropped her veil again, and found the entire crew wound round her little finger. They won that fight.

Thereafter Hassedah set her own course. Her husband's boat she inherited. The crew she had in the right place, and her charms beat religious beliefs and sea superstitions alike. Irrespective, the crew obeyed her. And she, furious at her husband's death, determined to break even.

Hassedah became a Mediterranean legend. The lady corsair was personally present to urge on with enthusiasm every raid made on passing ships. Every hull sunk, every throat cut, every bale of merchandise captured, were part of the price she exacted for her husband's death.

A scourge of the sea, she feared none, she enjoyed but a short life. The stories of her loves with sailors of her ship seem rather improbable; but when she died in action, they all lamented her; and her "Sea Eagle" was burned in the same action.

She died, as she had commenced her career as a corsair, with a scimitar in her hand; her burial was cremation in the roaring, leaping flames of her ship, which had taken on a Spanish vessel a little too big for it. The year 1317 may have seen more significant events; but it saw none more colourful than the death of Hassedah, the lady corsair.

Calendar of Sports (7)

October Events

1968 . . .

Followers of the sport of the silks and flying horses raised sophisticated eyebrows in genuine amazement when the correct-weight flag fluttered in the breeze after the running of the Metropolitan Handicap. It was Eight-Hour Day, and the second leg of the big spring double had been won, at Randwick of course, by Mooltan. The crowd craning the hill and the enclosures were not annoyed with Mooltan. They gave him a big hand. They had given the Epsom winner, Mooltan, a good swollen ovation on the previous Saturday when he had galloped away with the first leg of the double. The paying sportsmen appreciated the grand efforts of Meladrama and Mooltan, who took the Epsom and Metrop double of 1968. The same two horses had won the self-same races just a year before at the 1967 meeting.

1969 . . .

Forty-two years ago there was a cricket match played at Waverley Oval (Sydney). In itself that was not a remarkable event. Many matches were played there before 1999 without any mention being made in the cricket record book.

A lean-faced, slim, young Sydney batsman lifted this match from the archives of anonymity. As was his custom, he carried a bat without a handle cover. He had reacquainted the black thread binding with a piece of glass and rubbed in resin for firmness of grip.

As the bowler came in with the first ball, the batsman jumped down the wicket and hit it long and low. Over the fence it bounced four times. He pounded the next to the fence, where it hit and bounced back almost to the bowler. The following four balls he lifted out of the ground. His score for the over was 33. The first two balls of the next over were played by his partner, who scored a single from the second. The third batsman played the next without scoring. It was only a brief respite for the bowler. The next three were lifted over the fence. The immortal Victor Trumper was at his superlative best. The batsman was Trumper and he had scored 50 runs from 10 balls. Trumper's half century was the fastest on record. He scored his runs in 51 minutes.

1994 . . .

The day dawned clear and warm in Melbourne on October 26, 1994. A huge crowd thronged out to Emenden Aerodrome and Musselini's Balcony bluster was temporarily forgotten, as were the German ravages of the fanatic with the little black blotch of a moustache.

Those Victoreans were there to see history in the making. Their gaze was skyward, and at last they could hear the drone of aircraft approaching. There was the Air Force escort and the swarm of Aero Club and privately owned miscellaneous small craft. A great shout swelled and rose as the first plane touched down and taxied up towards the tarmac and stopped.

Two travel-weary airmen climbed down, waving to the crowd. C. W. A. Scott and T. Campbell-Musket had completed the England-Melbourne journey in the remarkable record time of 2 days 22 hours 50 minutes. It was the outstanding Australian event of 1994. It was a memorable day in Australia's history.

DUSTY TRACK

(Continued from page 23)

along together for half a mile, with only a male or two an hour of difference between their speeds, and Harry, who was a first-class stalker on a slower motor, looked around and grinned through the dust as soon as he was a length ahead. Ted lost his temper, and any regard for what was sensible and what wasn't, and put the throttle hard against the stop, and dug his heels in like a jockey on a horse that could be urged to greater effort by spurs. When he reached the next particularly dense cloud of dust, his only hope was that Harry might be lying somewhere in the middle of it. Running over, flash Harry would have given him the greatest satisfaction. But he realised wistfully that he would never catch Harry. He had once told Joe that the Norton wasn't doing the best, but now it was true. He dug his heels in further, and it didn't do any good.

Ted came into the camp with rage in his mind when the race was over, and when he was chugging to a standstill he suddenly realised that being angry mightn't go over too well with Joe. Whatever had been wrong with the Norton wouldn't be Joe's fault, and Joe would have a right to think that the trouble would be with him, anyway. He finished up coming in quietly, a beaten man with his chin sticking out, and the muscles in his jaw twitching. To his surprise Harry Herring was in the group that waited for him. Harry must have got over the finishing line a long way ahead, he thought, unhappily.

"Well, Harry won. You were fifth," Joe said tenderly.

"Me I won. Not the machine," Harry Herring said, in the faint way that suited him. "Your Norton had the speed, but I had the guts."

Ted tensed his muscles to crack him, and then held them back. "I had the throttle wide open, you living bastard," he said. As the words came through his mouth he realised they were only half-truths, and that for the first of the five laps he'd been cautious.

He wanted to crack Harry and be done with it, except that cracking Harry wouldn't prove anything or settle anything, because Harry had smooth, swift muscles that could deal with that sort of a situation, and still prove nothing. Joe was leaning over the Norton, and suddenly he looked up, with a strangely pleased ex-

pression on his face.

"See here," Joe ordered them all. "Here's the trouble. Fancy, a damn silly thing like that!" He jugged the bowdenwire that ran to the carburettor up and down, revealing a couple of turns of slack in the adjustment. Then he uncoupled the fine mesh that kept some of the Lake dust out of the works, and opened the twist-grap wide. The throttle-plate didn't quite disappear out of the choke-tube as it should have, but when he pulled the slack in the wire it went out of sight. "There it is," he said, not looking as annoyed as he should have.

There were plenty around to see, and it would put an end to any rumour that might start that Ted couldn't take the dust. Ted was peeved and pleased at the same time, and then a strange idea came into his head. He chatted with people and cursed his luck, as he was now able to do with honesty. In spite of that first lap he'd have been winner or close to it if the adjustment had been right. But the idea in his head wouldn't go away.

When the people went back to the track, to watch a car race he said to Joe, with warmth and shame, "You slacked that nut off before the race, old-timer. You did it because you knew the dust had me beaten, and you knew that if I got mad enough at the machine I'd forget about it and go as fast as I could."

"Don't be silly," Joe told him, looking him in the eye. "I wanted us to win that race, not come fifth."

"Well, we will next year," Ted said. "It cured me all right. You won't have any trouble with me next year."

Joe grinned, knowingly. "Of course we will. We'll have it in the bag, son. But it was just a bit of bad luck that turned out all right. I didn't do it."

Ted never found out for certain whether Joe had loosened the nut or not. Sometimes he was sure, and then it would seem impossible that Joe could ever, for any reason at all, play tricks with a fine engine that he had loved and worked over for months. He never found out for sure, but the main thing was that he had beaten the dust, and that, thereafter on the big, red lake he never had the slightest urge to shut the throttle in the thick patches, only his normal, instinctive, proper caution and alertness in case anything had gone wrong in the opaque cloud ahead.



"I'm glad she got a husband. She's
fond of husbands . . ."

COMMUNITY MARRIAGES

Here a woman takes as many husbands as

DRUCK SHIM was a very handsome devil. Tall, broad-shouldered, red-lipped A swashbuckler.

He was something of a braggart, too, and he talked endlessly about his many love affairs. I could never quite tell where truth left off and fiction began. But I didn't mind, and they helped pass the long hours we spent in the saddle on our trek to the headwaters of the Yellow River in north-eastern Tibet.

We had detoured to the north so that we could visit his tribal district. Druck Shim hadn't been home in years. Besides, our horses needed a rest. And so did we, for we had been five days coming over a desolate wind-swept stretch of wastelands where water and game had been unusually scarce. At last we topped a rise and saw the encampment of yak-hair tents sprawled in the valley below. After a hearty meal of boiled mutton and tsamba (a mash of buttered tea and parched barley flour) we turned in.

With the morning came a youngster who whispered in Druck Shim's ear. A sudden fear seemed to sweep over him. He jumped to his feet. "Come on! Let's get out of here," he said.

I asked what for, but he didn't answer. He began collecting his gear. I turned to his mother for an explanation.

Our horses were brought in. We saddled hurriedly and took the trail. Hours later, after he was sure he was following us, Druck Shim relaxed and told me what had happened.

It seems that as a teen-ager he had been one of four brothers wed in polyandry to a comely lass of the tribe. He had forgotten all about her in the many years since he had left home. Druck Shim was now a strapping man of the world. She had begun to broaden in the beam. Hearing of his home-coming she had announced she was going to demand that he fulfill his duties as her husband. That, and the added prospect of a dull, stay-at-home existence tending to the flocks of sheep and cattle was not for him. No, not for him.

It wasn't that he had anything against polyandry as a

marriage institution. He accepted it in principle. Except that, well . . . And then he spent the next three hours detailing his special and more desirable features. He was perfectly anxious about it. Although it might have seemed like he was trying to justify an unnatural relationship between the sexes in Tibet. I didn't help any, of course, that I wouldn't argue with him. Which made him all the more angry.

Perhaps I wasn't altogether fair with him. Social standards are relative; and what may be acceptable under one set of conditions may reasonably be rejected under others.

Polyandry is not unknown to Tibet, but nowhere in the world is it more widely practiced. In the northern plains at least one-half of the households are polyandrous. The plural husbands are usually brothers, although this is not always true. In most cases when a man marries, the woman automatically becomes the wife of his younger brothers. She, however, may accept or reject their attentions at will.

But there is no choice in the matter where the younger brothers are concerned; for the wife may legitimately demand that they become husbands in fact—if, as, and when she so desires.

There's nothing unusual or promiscuous in all this. It is merely a practical, commonsense answer to a social problem that has been further complicated by the fact that the average Tibetan spends at least half the year away from his home—on trips to the border markets to barter his wool, furs, and mink for tea, barley, and cloth. A co-husband, then, is always ready to assume the responsibility of support and care for the family left behind. The decision, however, is left entirely to the wife. For the Tibetan women are not forced into polyandry.

That is the interesting aspect of this situation — you don't have to be one of a horde of husbands; there is no low freemasonry, which is a peculiar trait when you think of it, since marriage is an institution which is almost universally governed by in-flexible laws. Certainly there



— and they work!

HARRISON FORMAN • FACT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES PHILLIPS

she likes — and they come when they're called.

is nothing written in the codes of the East which forces a man to have a plurality of wives, but the conventions make a strong argument for it, seeing that a number of wives are in keeping with most masculine desires and reflect on the masculinity and financial stability of the man as "blessed."

The other interesting aspect of polyandry is that it is a rare admission of the sexual equality of women. The near-universal attitude that it is unusual for women to have desires, or shameful for them to admit of the desires they have, does not gain any credence in Tibet. Here the right of women to have and admit sexual appetite to the point of demanding a plurality of husbands is the natural way of thought.

And these curiously objective people are quite easy as to whether a woman is or is not, polyandrous.

Even so, I have found them completely extrovert in their enthusiasm for it. They were, in fact, both surprised and amused to learn that their marriage customs were the exception rather than the rule among the world's peoples. "What," they asked me "do

your monogamous women do while their husbands are away for long periods?"

Of course, should the polyandrous family prosper, more wives may be added. Each member is then shared by every other member in the co-operative marriage. Children in such a household are regarded as the common property of both the family unit and the community. They are identified only as of this or that woman—the father is not mentioned.

When away from their homes, the members of a polyandrous family are free to enter into "temporary unions." These are contracted for specified periods in strict accordance with terms mutually agreed upon. Such relationships are perfectly legal in the sense that they are accepted as a realistic answer to prostitution. There is, therefore, no prostitution in Tibet, as we understand it. Moreover, there is no stigma attached to illegitimacy, as we define the word. Children are wanted and welcomed, for the rate of infant mortality is exceptionally high in Tibet. So high, in fact, that many Chinese orphans are brought

in for adoption into Tibetan families. A woman, therefore, with four or five grown children, is an outstanding and respected figure in the community.

Lama brothers, however, are exempt from co-husband obligations, for they are vowed celibates. Of course, should they renounce their ordinations, they are automatically blessed with their lay brothers. Drunk Shon had often spoken about a famous high lama at Rebgong Gompa whose terrible battle with his emotions had become something of a legend in those parts. Some months later we visited Rebgong, and the old lama told me his story.

As a young man of twenty or so, at a time when he had been deeply engrossed in his religious studies, the lama was visited by his two older brothers who had come to attend the lama's study "devotional dances." They had brought with them their beautiful young bride.

The girl took one look at the serious young lama and fell in love with him. At least she said she did. She knew, of course, that as a lama he was exempt from co-husband obligations. But she knew, too, that she could

claim him automatically if he could be persuaded to leave the Buddhist Church. She went to work on him.

"I was as innocent and as unapproached as a babe," he continued. "And she was beautiful—of a beauty so dazzling that the very thought of her filled my brain with the fire of unholy passion."

He sighed deeply. Then, "To make matters worse, I knew that she was mine for the taking. I had but to lay aside my robes—and heavenly bliss was mine."

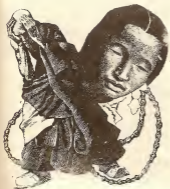
"But my reason lashed out against my emotions. I was a lama, and my vows were inviolable. I was forevermore. And my conscience would condemn me to everlasting damnation should I give in to this temptation."

He paused for a sip of tea from his silvered bowl. From the faraway look in his eyes I could see that he was reliving for the moment those soul-searing days when the steel of his reason fought the fire of his emotions—and reason had won.

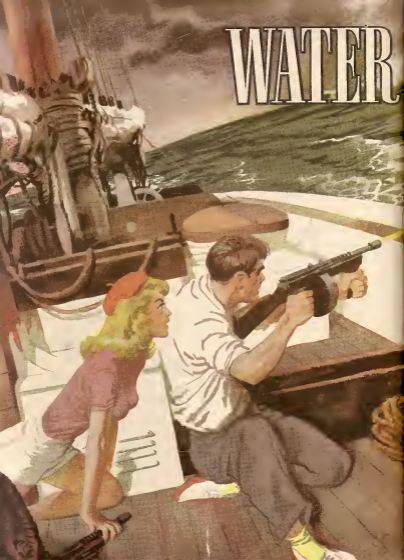
After a long moment, he said, as if to himself:

"And the young lady was as willing."

He smiled sadly and I left.



WATER



FRONT



A man with a single-handed war against smugglers found a girl with beauty, courage, and a gun she could use at the right moment

GERALD BRYDEN-BROWN • FICTION

IT could have been my fault that I bumped the big guy and spilled a little of his drink . . . so what? Doesn't it happen every day in every bar in the world? But this time it happened to be in the "Starboard Light," a bar in San Francisco's waterfront that nobody goes to unless he's crazy — or has business. As it happened, I had business. I was covering the waterfront for the *Prisco "Newsheet,"* and Barney, who runs the City Desk, had told me to shake the lead out and try to get a story on opium.

Now there isn't anything new in opium, but it seemed that lately the stuff had been coming almost in 48-gallon drums, instead of the usual little packages furtively carried by Oriental and white seamen. The San Francisco Police and Customs were raising plain hell about it . . . mainly because the "Newsheet" was needing them about it. So that brings the story back in a circle and we start again where I knocked the big guy's elbow and spilled his whiskey a little.

Now the worst thing is to apologize and offer to buy a new drink. I even had my face fixed for the phony smile that goes with the apology, when the smile suddenly died around under my left ear. This was because a fist about as big as a fire-plug had slammed into my face and slid me eight feet along the floor in a slather of sawdust, cigarette butts and spit.

As I lay half under a table, with denim-clad legs around me, I figured that if the big guy wanted to play hard, so could I. Maybe I couldn't reach that huge chin he carried almost six feet from the floor, but I hadn't played pitcher on the Cal-Tech team without learning how to sling an object in exactly the direction I want it to go. In this case, the object was a bottle full of alleged Scotch that had never been nearer Scotland than the hills east of Oakland, California.

I shoved my face back into more or less normal shape and wiggled myself to my feet. The big guy stood near the bar with one leg hunched crammed into his coat pocket, a smirking grin on his face. Most of the other guys in the bar were grinning, too, but I noticed that O'Brien, the bartender, had reached down for the baseball bat he keeps under the cash-register. I knew that bat. The end had been drilled and filled with a lead slug weighing about a pound. I'd also seen that bat take the wind out of the skulls of a lot of full-rigged characters who'd thought they were Joe Louis after a few slugs of O'Brien's belly-venom.

The bottle of whiskey stood on a table between a couple of guys who looked as though they had come off a Central

American business boat. Anyway, they were just a pair of Spags, so I didn't worry about using their whiskey. I didn't even bother about the usual pitcher's wind-up but just made a grab and a throw.

It was a pity that the big guy's hands were in his pockets. He couldn't get them out fast enough, and the bottle barrel in his free like a grenade. He gave out with a howl and staggered back against the bar clanking at his eyes, his face a welter of blood, glass and raw whiskey. I don't recommend the mixture as a facial, even for hard guys who like to wet tough.

As he began to see daylight again, he started to climb to his feet. I was just going to start in for him when O'Brien gave me the wink. I saw the baseball bat slide across the bar and tap the big guy gently. He sighed and collapsed again. Then two of O'Brien's boys took him by the feet and dragged him through the swinging doors into the grey fog of a San Francisco morning.

I turned to O'Brien, who smiled happily and shoved a foaming beer across the mahogany. "Blame on ye, Mr. Regan, for spakin' the gentlemen's face! But sure, 'twas comin' to him!" Turning to a waiter, he added: "Terence, take this bottle of whiskey to the two Dago gentlemen with me apologies!"

I tipped my beer and ran my tongue around my teeth, wondering whether the "Newsheet" would stand for a dentist's bill if it appeared on my expense account. Then someone touched me on the arm, and I looked round.

It was a girl. A girl with honey-blond hair that cascaded down her shoulders from beneath a little bright-red beret. She wore a tweed skirt, nylon, and a tiny pair of brogue shoes that needed no label to tell their origin. They just screamed of the expensive custom-made shoemaker shops of Butler Street. Above a wide saddle-leather belt was an emerald wool sweater, scarlet in color and filled just as a sweater should be filled.

The girl had a little package in her hand, which she offered to me. In a husky voice she said: "I think this fell out of your pocket when you were playing tough-guys, Mr. Regan. I held on to it while you were giving the Lords that whiskey."

Automatically, I took the package and fumbled her. Then I realized I did not own it and started to hand it back. If I had done so, this story would end right now. But there was something familiar about the shape of that package, and my mind made a flashback to the time, a few days before, when McNulty, head of the *Prisco Narcotic Squad*, had showed me a little tin containing about four inches by one inch and weighing about a half-pound. There had been Chinese lettering on that tin, and its value when delivered to a certain address on Quincey Street, in Chinatown, would be about five hundred dollars. This little package was just the right shape and weight. I slid it into my

I heard her let loose with an oath that never came from her previous school; then she shook batt of a Tommy gun and into my hand. How was pointing the ammunition.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN



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pocket. I'd have to find out who Big Louis was now. Turning to the girl, I asked her to have a drink. She nodded her thanks and ordered a Martini.

"Maybe we'd be more comfortable in one of the booths, Sister," I said.

She looked at me over the rim of her glass. "Now listen, Laddie," she said, "just because I return a package to you and accept a drink, don't think your terrific charm has captured my girlish heart. Anyway, I don't like to be called 'Sister.' But we'll drink in a booth, because I can see you are asking to ask me some questions. What are you, anyway? copper, reporter,

or just a plain money guy?"

I grinned as I ushered her into a quiet booth. "This dame HAD something!"

"Simple enough," I said. "No copper, but just a reporter. 'Newsheet.' And I'd like to know something about the man you call Big Louis. Also, if I'm not to call you 'Sister' it would make it easier if I knew your name. By the way, just so you'll know I'm not kidding, here's my Press card okay?" She flipped the card back at me and smiled.

"My name is Rosa Morse if it means anything to you. Everyone around the San Pedro waterfront knows Big Louis. If they have good

sense, they keep away from him, at that."

Rosa Morse! Now it fitted in! Daughter of shipping baron Shiram Morse, who'd made ten million bucks by kicking other men in the face and now had everything in the world he wanted — except a son. So he'd brought up his only daughter as a son, and filled The Press all along the Pacific Coast had told for years of Rosa and her 40-foot chisel schoolroom. Of how she'd play around in society for a while until she tired of the rapid dumps of a crowd who were long on money and short on sense. Then she and her lovely "Viking" would disappear, sometimes for months, as she cruised the Pacific Sea would reappear in San Francisco or San Pedro, taking her gig like a man in waterfront taverns that would scare hell out of the average society dame. Yes Rosa was quite a character.

Could be she was character enough to play around with the opium ring, they say poor little rich girls with custom made shoes and personal yachts do years for something to give life an interest, and there was that wealthy Miami playboy they shot up because he had been an Anonymous Killer, just for fun.

Another look at her sweater — I could only see half of it over the table-top, but it was a good half — rocked me! I just didn't want to believe that a girl as nice as this, and so easy to get on with, could be so much poison. Then the fast-finder, intrigued by long years of press work, disillusioned by many a mood story that burst like a bubble as I was making the front page banner — that fast-finder awoke in me. She only had to put her hand on mine at that moment to make a monkey out of me, and she didn't do that.

Weigh it up, ohum, I told myself. She looks good, like a million other dames look good. She's a friendly like one dame in a million is friendly. And you didn't see her pick it up.

"Penny for your thoughts," she said. The eyes and mouth were smiling and it wasn't a

dope-runner kind of a smile. But it was good stock in trade. I fopped a penny to her and I thought, she comes here, picks up the stuff, there's a row, she's had time to be holding it, she hands it to the first sucker she sees.

"Do I look like a sep?" asked her.

She nodded her head slowly, smiling again. She was calm and detached.

"You do," she said, "but I don't think you are."

"I throw my press card around fairly freely," I said. "Just a bar-shot type."

"Most pressmen are," she said, said kept smiling, the damned cradle-innocent smile. Yeah, I told myself, the kind of cradle-innocence that just comes naturally in the "Blackboard Light" bar, a dame from home for a social-regime classy dame. Sure, any dame who spent the evening here would be just a mouse leaved in search of a hand.

I ordered drinks and tope with my cigarette lighter until they came, watching her wondering.

Suppose I'm right about this. I'm right, and I'm just holding the well-known opinion bag for her, in case the light ends or any trouble. Well, naturally she wants to get it back, later. It represents money, and money is not given away, even by poor little rich girls.

So I look at her over the edge of the glass.

"To suckers, may they stay healthy," I tell her.

She drinks to it. "To you sucker," she says.

I took the pocket out of my pocket and flicked it across the table.

"It's all yours, the danger-over," I said.

She left it lying, looked at it.

"What do you mean, it's all mine? What are you trying to do to me?"

There was a trace of anger on the edge of her voice and it was reflected in her eyes, and it didn't hurt her beauty. She'd put spirit into anything she fancied, this one would.

"Don't tell me you're going to give it away!" I asked.

She pushed it slowly back. "It isn't mine, honest. You dropped it."

Moot Sport Points . . . (3)

CRICKET: "When Is Out?"

[If you have any ideas at all about the rules of cricket you should know that a wicket can be "broken" without any aerial activity by balls or any speeding of stumps. When, after an appeal, one or both of the white-coated official gentlemen make a crouching examination of the balls and their grooves, you turn to your neighbour and talk about balls being "disrupted" and that the effect of "disrupting" them is just as fatal to the batsman as sending them sky-high.

Perhaps, one of these days, that fellow alongside you will decide to discover if you really know your cricket, and what the good book states concerning "wicket down." Could you tell him that, if one ball is off, it is sufficient to remove the remaining one with the ball in order to stump or run a batsman out?

How about the case of the three stumps and one ball being left standing, after a ball has blown off for instance. A ball either bowled or thrown in, strikes a stump without displacing the remaining ball. Note (d) to Law 30 says that the wicket is not "down" unless the stump is struck out of the ground.

If he tells you that both captains can agree to dispense with the use of balls, owing to excessive wind or some other acceptable cause, don't argue. He knows his cricket. Rule 6. Now how is the wicket broken? There are no balls. Most the stumps be struck out of the ground? No not! Note (e) of Law 30 allows the umpire to decide what would have happened had the balls been there, and to decide accordingly.



Bone



help because I'm only working on a hunch. Now, that schooner of yours is well-known on the coast and no one would suspect her especially if you have big-game fishing gear rigged. By a wonderful piece of luck, we can be pretty sure Big Louis and his trawler are in on this racket. Okay. So we watch his trawler and maybe find out something. Are you game?"

She grinned, and slid a brown hand across the table. "It's a deal, Ted. 'Wrong' is lying off-shore waiting for a course. When do we start? I've got all the fishing gear aboard right now."

I pressed her hand, and at that moment I realized it was going to be no hardship to be partners with Rona.

"Thanks, Rona. You're quite a gal! But I have a little errand to do first. How's about you going down to the schooner and I'll join you later? So long, kid. I'll be seeing you!"

Outside, on the long Embarcadere that is the centre of San Francisco's Seaside town, wreaths of fog from the bay blew across the goshawk masts of the bars and cafes that only sailors and longshoremen could love. Overhead the Oakland Bridge with its endless stream of traffic cut the fog like a knife of fire. A big Norwegian freighter reared plaintively for a Red Stack but to drag her from her berth, and the inevitable and mowing of ferries sounded from the mist. I grabbed a taxi for Police Headquarters then. By a lucky break, McLeary was there, in the laboratory, playing with a piece of blissing paper, just one of those give-away blisters, except that this one had the name of a Chinese import firm in San Francisco printed on it, together with the gaudy picture of a Chinese wench looking macabrely over a chrysanthemum flower. McLeary had a pile of these blisters, and I picked one up idly. "What's the idea, Mac?"

I asked. "Don't tell me that Chinatown is sending you blisters now?"

McLeary took the blister from my hand and tore off a corner. "I'll show you something, Regan. But the story is off the record until I give the okay. Watch this!"

He dropped the fragment of blister into a test tube and added a little distilled water. They held the pyrex tube in the flame of a bunsen burner. The liquid clouded over and went milky. Then Mac waited a while until the water had vanished in steam, when he cooled the tube under a tap. Upending the tube over a piece of white paper, he tapped it and cut out a scrap of blister and a few white crystals. I saw the dodge, but let Mac tell it.

"Just another gag from the inscrutable East, Regan. The blisters come from China, but they're soaked in morphine sulphate solution before shipping. Over here the drug peddlers boil out the dope, and there you are. Anyway, Regan, what did you come here for? I guess it wasn't to look into my lovely Irish eyes!"

I grinned for there isn't so ugly a cop in France than McLeary. "I see a better one for that matter."

"Mac," I said, "you've known me for a long time. You know I wouldn't fool you. I think I'm on to something but so far it's only a hunch. If the hunch pays off, you get a nice bag of opium runners. If I call you, take it seriously."

McLeary looked grim. "Opium, eh?" he muttered. "Okay, Regan."

I had alerted him, and that was necessary in case I had to give him a call that would sound fantastic enough to come from a drunk. I repeated his pleas, demands and threats for more information and made another call. Sometime later I had made a friend in the underworld: how I did it is another story; but the sammy-guns and tear gas I borrowed from him is part of

"Did you see me drop it?" My eyes met hers we held and she said, "Well, I saw it hit the floor at your feet, just as you threw the bottle."

Throwing a bottle in the heat of self-defence like that is something anyone will do, but there's a demoralizing quality about having it laid technically on the line for you by a beautiful girl who speaks about it as though you didn't know any better and did this sort of thing between six and midnight regularly.

"And you don't want it?" I asked.

"It's worth having!"

"Sure," I said.

"Why — what is it?"

"Don't you know?" I watched her eyes.

She took it and turned it

anxiously in her fingers and

put it back on the table, and

looked it across to me.

"It looks like one of those

old gold-bricks you read

about," she said. "And I don't

want it, anyway."

As I said, I have knocked

about, and there's a fact-

finding streak in me. It stops

me painting the clouds with

sunshine or believing in

Mother Goose; it also aids me

in recognizing a fact should

me chance to sting across my

new drinks and played with my cigarette lighter again. I took the parcel, scooped it into my pocket, and looked at her.

"Well, you've knocked it

back for good," I said.

"Oh, I hope it wasn't a

diamond necklace," she said.

The smile was unshaken.

I decided she was on the

level. I decided to discard

caution and play a course of

action.

I scrounged the waiter for

new drinks, and at the same

time I decided I'd tell Rona

the whole set-up. I was sure

she would be on the level.

"Do you mind if I call you

Rona?—fine — call me Ted

Now, about that package you

handed me. It wasn't mine.

It was dropped by Big Louis.

And in case you are interested,

it contained a half-pound tin

of first-grade opium!"

I sat back and watched the

girl's face. It was worth

watching.

"Opium?" she gasped. "Are

you sure, Ted? Big Louis is

AND WHAT A PAL YOU'D HAVE TO BE!

Barbara was the dainty damsel's name,
And to my mind quite readily she came.
When, late one, I called up and said, "Tonight
A fella needs a friend!" And quite
Spontaneously she answered, "Come around!"
Arrived at her apartment there I found
Another girl and a big handsome guy
Who generously on Barbara had an eye.
The other girl, to please you couldn't tell her,
Turns out to be Bob's friend—who needs a fella!

—MacKaye

I signalled the waiter for



"Now you stay right here until I get back!"

this one. It was quite a heavy suitcase full of protection to take aboard the "Viking".

There was a little shelter at the end of the jetty, and Rona was sitting in it. The fog had lifted a little now, and Rona was looking at San Francisco Bay as though she'd never seen it before. San Francisco is like that . . . always something new to see. Big ships of the world passing in and out of the Golden Gate, tuna fish-boats and some-matters going about their business, and occasionally a police cutter screaming in pursuit of a Bay pirate—cubic of the Frisco of Jack London's day!

To-night was still and quiet

The fog had lifted altogether, and ferries left mud-trails of fire upon the deep blue velvet of the Bay. Yes, it was pretty, and I didn't blame Rona for sitting, chin on hand, and taking it all in. There isn't a man or girl in the world who's seen Frisco and doesn't think it's tops for beauty . . . unless it's someone from Los Angeles!

Rona jumped up when she saw me. "Ted! . . . I've got some news!" She saw the suitcase then and looked a bit staggered. "What the . . . ? Do you mean to say you had to get luggage?" I grinned and held up a hand. "Okay, kid Skip! This isn't luggage . . . Not the kind you'd

take on a honeymoon, anyway!" Now, what's the news?" Rona spoke fast, and even as she talked she was hauling in the mooring line of a neat little power tender that waited at the jetty.

"Hop in, Ted! Then I'll hand you the case! . . . Hell, but it's heavy!" . . . Did you bring something to read on the voyage? The news is, my friend, that Big Louis and his steam-trawler, "Siwash" just passed by, and I think they are heading for the Gate! Of course, he COULD be after fish, but I got a paper on the way here, and the "Changshung" is connected in . . . direct from Shanghai!" My heart gave a

jump. "Changshung" had, I knew, long been a suspected vessel, but no dope had ever been found. So McLeary was anyway. Maybe all we'd get out of this trip would be the ride, but it added up just a little too correctly. I watched Rona spin the flywheel of the little tender's motor. It caught, spat, settled down to a steady beat. Soon we were headed for a dim shape with tapering slim masts, from one of which hung a riding light. It would be "Viking", I figured, and sure enough, Rona brought the little tender alongside the gangway, where it was grabbed by a tall blonde man who looked like a Swede. He turned out later he was Eric Hansen, the entire crew of the "Viking".

We dumped the heavy suitcase below, and Rona lent me a pair of dunnies and a greaser. As I changed, I heard the whistle of the starter. Then came the deep roar of a seven-running diesel. A splash from forward showed that "Viking" was free of her buoy, and as I came on deck the bows were beginning to lift to the swell that always surges through the Golden Gate. We were on the trail, but I knew that if this bunch didn't pay off there would be a new man out of a job!

Which reminded me that I hadn't contacted my office two hours. Hell! . . . Barney Finn on the City Desk, would be losing a gut!

I looked about the engine cabin, and saw what I wanted—a ship-to-shore radio telephone. Quickly I gave the "Newsday" number to Marine Exchange and soon had my ear almost shattered by Barney's roar:

"Regan! You son-of-a-bitch! Where in hell's good name have you been? Now you listen to me, Regan . . . !"

I cut him off fast. "Barney, Barney! But this time, you'd better listen to me! I'm on Rona Moore's power schooner heading through the Gate. And I think I'm going to get a real story for you . . . exclusive! If I don't you can fire me. I'll call you later, Barney. Keep your shirt on!"

I hung up. Erik was at the wheel when I came on deck, and Rona was forward with a pair of night glasses. "Viking" was sliding along at a comfortable ten knots with her dual engine like a bird.

Rona beckoned to me, then handed over the night glasses. "Just to the left of the forestay. See? That's Big Louis trawler, 'Siwash', and he's running without lights. Something must be cooking up!"

I glanced astid and at the



*"Why, I've practised self-control for years. Mind you, I've
never been any good at it . . ."*

Art For

Pete's Sake

BY WILLIAM O'BRIAN



foremost rigging. We were also running without lights. I turned to Rona.

"Big Louis won't figure he's being followed. Keep stern of him just enough to keep him in sight, but no closer. 'Changshung' usually hits 'Frace' about dawn, so he should show up soon. I'll take a look aloft." I quickly unshipped the ballroom from the Maroon mainmast and shackled on a small boat's chair. Rona took the wheel, and Erik bailed me to the masthead. I waved at the top of that sixty-foot stick and jammed the night-glasses to my eyes.

Just rising over the horizon from the north-west I could make out the lights of a vessel heading in.

She was coming up fast, and I could see that Big Louis' trawler was setting a course to pass just stern of her. My hunch seemed to be working out fine. I nodded to Erik and he let me slide to the deck. Then he took the wheel again and eased the diesel throttle back a notch. No sense in getting too near to Big Louis, and I had found out from Rona that the big Cummings diesel below could send "Viking" along at fifteen knots at full throttle.

"Watch Big Louis, Rona!" I shouted excitedly as she slipped up from below with a second pair of glasses.

Together we strained our eyes through the darkness, watching the chunky trawler as it slid down the track of the "Changshung." We saw a flurry of sparks shoot from the "Siwash's" exhaust pipe, and if you know diesel, you'll understand that the trawler's motor had either stopped or been slowed down, then restarted at speed.

"Read him off, Rona," I called. "I've got some business in the cabin. See you in a minute or so!" Then I dropped down into the saloon and grabbed the radiophone. It didn't take long to get Barney, and he was still near. But when I told him what I meant to do he quietened down and listened . . . hard. Before I hung up, he got in a word or two, though.

I opened up the case then, and clicked the drums into the Thompsons. I slipped a shell into the tear-gas gun, and saw that both automatons had full clips. Well! We had enough ammunition to grab ourselves off a battleship, let alone a little trawler!

Then I took the stuff on deck and shoved it in a cell of bulkheads between the masts. Rona's eyes popped when she saw the hardware, but she wasn't scared. Even Erik, the

stolid Swede, grinned a little. I guess his Scandinavian brain had figured out the angle already.

Rona was connecting up a powerful floodlight to its bracket on top of the cabin-house, and I patted her shoulder as I passed with the gun. Maybe all this mess of guns and lights was unnecessary, for I figured Big Louis would have at most only an automatic or two. Perhaps not even that, because California law is as tough as goat's knees when it comes to carrying guns. The authorities have clamped down ever since America's leading gangsters read the booklets of the California Chamber of Commerce and moved over from Chicago and New York. How some of these tough fellows must have been fooled! A genuine Californian salesman, peddling land, automobiles or orange groves, can take the rocks from a prospect without even taking his shoes off! Still, as I said, the gun laws are tough.

We were getting closer to the scint trawler now, and I figured we must have been seen. What as more, they would probably be suspicious we had no navigation lights. Unless, of course, they figured we were on the same lay as themselves.

Even as I watched, I saw two men drag a big motorboard aboard the trawler and lash it alongside a member of similar drums secured to ringbolts near the pilot house. The innocent drums would, of course, contain diesel fuel. Then we were hailed: "Yacht ahoy! Where are your lights," and at the same time the navigation lights of the trawler went on.

I decided to take a long chance, a chance that could mean jail for me. If I was wrong, I yelled back:

"Stop your motor, 'Siwash'! We're coming aboard to inspect you. This is the United States Customs!"

I heard a furious oath. Then I got the shock of my life, for the man in the pilot house reached into a locker and came out with a Thompson gun! Before I could move, the gun shattered and I heard the thuds as the shells rapped into "Viking's" sides. Even then I wondered what Rona would say about her white enamel!

I dropped to the deck and yelled to Erik: "Lie flat and sheer from the deck, Hansen!" Then: "Get below, Rona. I'll handle this!"

I heard her let loose with an oath that never came from her exclusive school, and where she told me to go, you'll never know. Then the deck

built of a Tommy-gun slid into my hand and I heard the "click" as a second gun was cocked. Rona was passing the ammunition. Carefully, we looked over the gunnery. We were only about fifty feet from the trawler now, and fifty feet is nice for Tommy-gun work.

I laid the muzzle of my gun over the bulwark. The man in the pilot house of the trawler was trying to slip a new drum into his gun, and at the same time he tried to head the trawler away from us. A tough job, of you ask me. Then I got a nice sight, and my finger squeezed the trigger. The Tommy-gun roared and bucked, but I saw the pilot-house windows smash and the man inside clutch his head as his knees buckled. The other two men on deck tried to square forward to take the wheel, but couldn't get at them, because they were behind the trawler's heavy bulkheads. So I reached for the tear-gas gun and lobbed a shell on the "Siwash's" deck. It burst with the wet thud of such shells, and immediately silvers of grey smoke shot everywhere. One man appeared briefly and fired wildly with an automatic, but with eyes streaming tears, it isn't easy to aim. I could have blasted him with the Tommy, but . . . what the hell!

Erik was on his feet across now, and "Viking" ran alongside the trawler. We came up to windward so we wouldn't catch the gas, naturally.

Erik took up the two white covers, but Big Louis had a hole in his head as big as a California orange. I've seldom seen a man so dead, and I learned to shoot on Anna Beach!

I guess there isn't a lot to tell now. We took the trawler in and handed her over to McCleary. The drum was nicely packed with spurs, which was lucky for me. If it hadn't been, I guess I'd still be in San Quentin for prison on the high seas!

The "Newshat" got a swell story, for the radiophone had brought a swarm of newsmen from the "Newshat" naturally!

Barney was nice about the bonus, too. It wouldn't have been enough for a honeymoon at Palm Springs, of course, but that didn't worry Rona or me. We took "Viking" down to Florida through the Gulf and caught marlin at the same time, and as Old Man Moore was very generous with his wedding cheque, we decided to build a nice place in Florida and stay there. What a hell of a confession from a Californian!



"Well, professor, what's the latest dirt on nuclear fusion?"



IRON MEN and

Kidnapped into a career of misery these starving seamen were little better off than their officers.

THE HARDSHIPS of the Korean campaign have brought forth a batch of opinions on the toughness of war for those fighting it. One or two special writers with more sentiment than historical knowledge have claimed the conditions under which the United Nations troops have had to fight were the worst in the history of warfare.

Valhalla must have resounded with hearty laughter when this got about. And some of the heartiest laughter probably came from honey-banded shades with a nautical roll to their pet. The shades of the men who manned the British Navy of Nelson's day and before.

If war, as Sherman said with truth, is hell, then war as these men knew it must have been some sort of super inferno.

We'll have a couple of case

histories, just to illustrate the point.

Able Seaman John Smith, aged 30, born in 1775. Smith had not seen the sea at the age of twenty, when a Press Gang picked him up in a Chesapeake tavern. The journey to Portsmouth, in the far from loving care of a task-fused beaver, and the company of other bewildered landmen. The good-natured, but rough bosom of the tars in the Press Gang, whose main source of enjoyment was pointing out the joys in store for the luckless new "recruits" to His Majesty's Britannic Navy. The arrival in Portsmouth and the introduction to their new home, and their new Master. His Majesty's twenty-gun brig *Flores* and Commander, William Davidson.

In a dash, Smith and his shipmates were read the Articles of War, which were

to be the only rules of life that they were to know. They were sworn in. And the band played "Merry Tars and Hearts of Oak."

Within twelve hours, the brig was hugging the short rollers of the channel.

With the wind increasing, a desperately sea-sick youth was chased into the rutting, to shelter, and the rope's end, the classically named "Barker" in the hands of a big and willing bosom, flicked across the tight backside of his canvas trousers as he clung at the shrouds.

High above the deck on the pitching yard, he tried to do what the experienced seamen on either side of him were doing. The salt-soaked canvas hurt his hands and the ropes on which he depended for his foothold cut his feet.

Somehow he survived and regained the deck. He saw

out his watch somehow, and then went below. The reeking stench of bilge water, of unwashed bodies and decaying food was almost solid enough to be seen. In the darkness leavened only with a couple of wildly swinging lanterns. The blight of the 'tween decks was a mite four-foot-ten. His quota of deck space was two feet by six feet. He was supposed to sleep in a hammock and the hammocks were swung in two tiers, so that the man in the upper tier had his nose scraping the roof and the lower man never had his nose more than a few inches from the behind of the man above.

The combination of circumstances that led up to utter misery were too much for new-seaman Smith. He lay on the bare deck in his wet clothes and somehow slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

He wakes next morning and has the first meal afloat at the expense of His Majesty. The ship has been well-ventilated and has just left port. That means that the salt pork is not yet crawling and the biscuits don't average more than one weevil each. The water, too, is only foul with the filth that was in the bottoms of the barrels when they were filled. It hasn't had time to grow the green organisms that will come later in the cruise.

Smith can't eat his breakfast. But there'll be a time when he'll realize that this life is magnificent, at least by comparison.

As the wind moderates, the British Navy starts to make Smith and his land-lubber mates into seamen. The lieutenant takes them over for drill in making and reducing sail, in splicing, and the drill and one thing that go into making seamen of them. A kindly man, the No. 1, which explains why only one man is flogged during the training period, and he only gets a paltry two down.

His course in seamanship completed, Smith learns to work the guns. With four others, he learns to load them,

run them out, lay and fire them, check the recoil and get them back for re-load. He learns to sweat over the gun in the blackness of the smoke-filled "tween decks, and the fierce satisfaction that comes when even a target like a barrel is blown out of the water with a well-aimed shot.

For four months, the brig patrols the French coast, on blockade duty. Monotonous, heart-breaking work, with no action to it. The biscuits become more weevily, and the salt pork, as it gets lower in the barrels, performs the astounding feat of dropping in quality. The water is more foul.

But when Flame returns to Portsmouth for paying-off Smith is a seaman.

He had seen the seamy seams form on his flesh after months without a green vegetable to season the diet of salt pork and foul water. He has known the agony of climbing rigging with feet and hands half-frozen.

There were few items in the pursuit of human discomfort that Seamen Smith had not known. His comrades had sometimes been stern, but basically kindly men who merely ad-

ministered the ferocious imbed code known as King's Regulations, as they had been written.

He had known others who had added every refinement of cruelty to the already Devonian qualities of the Articles of War. He had rarely heard a kind word from anybody above the rank of Able Seaman.

He finds that paying-off is a theory, and not an actuality. That pay in the Navy is nearly a year behind, and that his chances of drawing any money are dependent entirely on the generosity of his Captain, who can, if he wishes, furnish a few pounds to the crew from his own pocket. Fortunately, Captain Davidson has both the means and the inclination to do it, so Smith heads for the tavern and brothels of Portsmouth.

His money, of course, doesn't last him long. He hasn't much to start with, and his slim purse vanished into the bosoms of the harpists that infest the town, waiting for just such *seams* as Smith.

He is broke and hungry within days.

So when Corwin Jones, bluff, hearty and lately appointed as leader of the Press

Gang for His Majesty's 34-gun frigate *Lucullus*, accosts him, he fills his belly with food and runs at his new Captain's expense and goes out in search of unwilling recruits for their country's service.

For the next ten years, Smith serves in frigates, and ships of the line. Conditions don't alter materially in any of them. All are overcrowded, in all of them the discipline is harsh, and conditions of existence shocking. The only difference is that some captains are harsher than others. Smith learns the feel of the cat on his back, as he is strapped to a triangle, while the Marine drummers lay it on. He learns what it is to serve his gun in deadly earnest and to see the muzzled guns of an opposing three-decker belch smoke and death at fifty yards' range. He has heard the screams of the dead and dying and a broadside rakes through a ship. He knows the horrors of the surgeon's bay during and after an engagement. The spiny as rough hands pull out a splinter a foot long and held on inch wide from his shoulder.

And so to Trafalgar. And the broadside from *Temeraire* that snuffed out the life of

WOODEN WALLS

FACT • By FRANK BROWNE

Illustrated by Arthur Nichol





Seaman Smith and fifty like him, as the lower deck of H.M.S. Victory was swept with a hail of flying iron.

He eventually became a lieutenant, and finally a captain. It was when he attained captain's rank that he found just how tough the struggle could be. By the time he was forty, he had to be at least half-way up the list of captains, some men with ten years more service than himself.

The job of blockade, never out of sight of land, through a Channel winter was the most monotonous, and uncomfortable task that the British Navy had to offer.

Chewing away from a lee shore in a Channel gale, beating backwards and forwards in the face of sleet and rain, the Flame and her sisters were little infernos for the men serving in them.

Never out of sight of land, never in action, but in constant danger of being dashed to pieces through lack of sailing room, dismantled through the necessity to carry too much canvas in an attempt to cover the allotted beat.

Men vanish overboard in sudden squalls. Longing for the land that is secretly out of gunshot peace, and finally, Smith grows to hate every lighter who is living what he regards as a life of ease ashore, while he is a sea-going slave.

And on the deck above, another man died. A man who had not, like Seaman Smith, come to the blue water with the help of a Press Gang. A man who had chosen a life at sea, which was one day to earn him honour, wealth, and finally death. But he had one thing in common with Seaman Smith. They were both banded to a school that brooked no mistakes, that made men into men of iron will, blazing courage and fraying efficiency. Horatio, Lord Nelson, aged 47, born 1758. Admiral of The Blue

Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Atlantic Fleet.

Nelson served first as a midshipman. There copped up in a twelve by eight room with seven other youngsters, he learned navigation, gunnery, and the hard way of the Navy with its officers. He learned that loss of his ship, when he eventually got a command, meant that he had to face a court martial, even though his ship had gone down with colours flying in battle. He learned that the Navy thought that a 36-gun British frigate should take on, and defeat a French 74, and that any captain who couldn't do this successfully, could look forward to being on the beach, to die out the rest of his life at half-pay.

Because those not half-way up at forty, were retired on half pay. No excuses were accepted. He knew that position and privilege would aid a great many of his fellow captains.

He got first-hand experience with the extraordinary callousness of the Lords of the Admiralty. For instance, once given a command, the responsibility of finding a crew, and of paying for stores, was his own, not the Navy's.

He had to send out and pay his own Press Gang. His instructions were to proceed to sea on a certain date, and if he couldn't raise sufficient crew to man his vessel, then half-pay and the beach for the rest of his career.

Nine skippers out of ten pawned everything they possessed to finance their commands, hoping that Prize Money would eventually enable them to get out of debt.

After a single ship engagement, resulting in a victory, the City of London made it a practice to present the captain concerned with a sword. For a first victory, it was a sword to the value of fifty guineas. For a second or

This is Pat Hall, who, though snatched off the water's edge, was mainly concerned about her hair. It used to be long and blonde, now it's short and red, and Pat is, like all members of her sex, wondering whether she looks her best right now. Can you tell us, Pat? You look O.K. from here.

third, a sword worth one hundred guineas.

These swords spent more time pledged against supplies of such precious things as biscuits and lime juice or rum, than they did in any other way. Nelson's investiture as a Knight could have been marred by the absence of the sword won at Cape St. Vincent. But a soft-hearted merchant, in a moment of patriotism, sent it to him, and wiped off the debt too.

Nelson learned that the one thing that the Navy could not permit was a mistake. A mistake in seamanship meant the beach. A mistake in gauging what a bottled-up enemy was likely to do, even when his soldiers were clouded in storm and fog, was punished the same way. The dreadful charge, "Failure to do his utmost to defeat the enemy", was always ready to be hurled. To the tar, a mistake meant his back in ribbons. To the officer, a life of poverty and obscurity or worse. It hadn't been so long before that Admiral Byng was shot on his own quarter-deck. How dreadfully close Nelson went to the latter, when he risked his career in disobeying orders at Copenhagen and then allowed Napoleon to slip away to Egypt! The Battle of the Nile, with its tremendous implications, were barely sufficient to save Nelson from the inevitable court martial.

In ships leaky and ill-found, in all weathers, and on treacherous coasts, a blockade had to be maintained. British naval vessels were supposed to race right into French ports, under the noses of heavily-gunned shore batteries, to inflict damage on Napoleon's merchant shipping. Yet let them suffer much damage, a ratio of about ten-to-one being the bare minimum accepted by the Admiralty, and the captain was ruined.

Not did the captain miss any of the horrors of the battle

On the quarter-deck, during an engagement, tradition demanded that he wear his full dress uniform. Which made him a target, not only for cannon-fire, in the normal attempts to sweep the deck clear with a broadside, but for the musketry fire from the fore-locks of the enemy at close range. If wounded, he fell under the same hands as the members of the crew.

The chances of survival were no better. At Trafalgar, the percentage of commissioned officers killed was far higher, in ratio, than the lower deck fallen. As a result, men became Admirals at the end of 1805, whose chances of attaining that rank in ten years had been low on the eve of the victory.

It he hadn't the means to stock his personal pantry with a few delicacies in the way of food, his fare was salt pork and biscuits, the same as his crew. There was more than the risk of discomfort in this. From time to time, when on Station, he was expected to entertain the Commodore or the Admiral.

If his table wasn't up to the standard of a fastidious senior officer, and he could offer only the ship's fare, his chances of promotion could be, and in fact often were, prejudiced.

Many a man missed post-captain's rank at forty, and thus went to the beach on half pay, because the quality of his port, or the tenderness of a table chicken, hadn't met with the approval of a particularly staid officer of his career.

As his cabin was always in the stern, the consequences to his personal possessions of a broadside fired into the stern could be imagined. After any but the shortest of engagements, the after-end of a ship was a shambles.

The ships of the old British Navy were made of oak. But the stuff that sailed in them was made of iron.



Too soon in the season to swim? Lovely Sydney model Shirley Beger decides that it is not, and proposes to take the plunge. There's nothing wrong with an enthusiastic start to a good season, and Shirley, whose winter sports include skiing and ice-skating, is eager to be back on the beach — on the first wave, so to speak.



Conan Doyle

bottle from the jungle

The jungle men fought with tooth and claw—the white men's hatred was more cunning, and there was a neat bottle of poison to prove who was right—which it did.

R. WILKES HUNTER • FICTION

FROM the open window of the British Consulate Denton could see down the tree-lined Avenida Rio Branco towards Botafogo Bay. People down there looked like ants scurrying about in the clear Brazilian sunshine. It was a long way from the head-waters of the Amazon; from the coffee-coloured Xingu River, and that nameless tributary where . . .

His hand, thrust into the side pocket of his coat fingered the small bottle there. So much depended on this interview. He must be careful . . . careful.

Denton came back to his chair and sat down. The Consul nodded his head; his keen eyes studied Denton sympathetically.

"This must be very painful to you, Mr Denton," he said. "But it is essential that we have the facts. Professor Jason was an important man."

Denton said: "That is why I'm here."

He was then to the point of emasculation. Fever had sapped his strength, leaving his skin like parchment, and only his glittering eyes seemed alive.

"We'd been in there for two years." He shuddered involuntarily. "Professor Jason had a theory that one of the nations of the Incas, harassed by Pizarro and his Conquistadores, sought refuge over the mountains from Peru, and formed a settlement on high land in the Mato Grosso, near the head-waters of the Xingu, or the Araguaya."

The Consul nodded. "Impossible territory," he said. "Were you well equipped?"

"We started with bullocks, mules, and twenty men," Denton said. He pushed the two small books lying on the desk towards the Consul. "These are the Professor's diaries. When he stopped writing daily entries there were five of us left. Parasites and disease killed the stock. The natives deserted, died, or were killed by hostile Indians."

He paused, looking towards the window as though, in the telling, he was living the story over again.

"I wanted to go back, but Jason wouldn't hear of it. He had an amazing vitality. 'By travelling light, we'll go faster,' he said. We did that."

"Professor Jason was one of the best of the real explorers," the Consul said. "An arrogant man . . . but amazingly efficient."

"We were in the Chavante country," Denton said. "Goncalves, a Brazilian, and two Carajás Indians, Pietro, and another whose name we could not pronounce, and whom we called Jose. The Carajás

hate the Chavante. They stayed with us in the hope that we would kill Chavante. Once we were deep into Chavante country, they were afraid to leave us."

He looked at the Consul slowly. "You know how the Chavante fight?"

"With poisoned arrows, I believe," the Consul said. "I have heard that they are very treacherous."

"They coat the tips of their arrows with curare," Denton said. "It isn't very nice the way you die from curare poisoning . . . but it's quick. It paralyses the motor nerves and kills by suffocation." He took the small bottle from his pocket and put it on the desk beside the diaries. Looking at it, the Consul saw that it was filled with a brownish substance, like resin which had hardened with heat, and now coated the glass like paint.

"That is curare," Denton said. "It kills through the bloodstream. A prick from anything coated with it, and you die . . . horribly."

The Consul looked at the bottle again, and drew his hand away carefully.

"Our supplies were gone," Denton said. "We were living on native fruits and roots that our Carajás Indians found. Sometimes we shot small animals and ate them. Tapes, skinks, monkeys, even ants and caterpillars. Our Indians set snares in the jungle and caught birds and reptiles. One day we came to a river that was clearer than the others, and when Pietro climbed a tree he saw mountains."

The Consul stirred in his chair. "And then . . ."

he suggested gently. "We were all in," Denton said. "We'd been running from the Chavante for weeks. They were like ghosts in the forest. You'd find a broken twig, a footprint, set the smoke of their cooking fires. You knew they were there . . . watching you. But you never saw them."

He looked up at the Consul slowly. "The jungle pressure is on you," he said. "The rivers are tunnels of hell running interminably through the hot, damp sponge of jungle. It stifles you."

His hand crept up to his throat, loosening his collar.

"That is what happened to Jason. You understand? We were in sight of safety, but we could go no further. It was because of Jason."

Yes, he was thinking, it was Jason that delayed us. He'd left Goncalves and the Carajás to guard Denton and the camp, and he'd gone a few miles further up the river, before they turned towards the safety of the mountains. Denton was remembering the look of arrogant triumph on his face when

Blood bubbled from the red pulp of flesh in the centre of the Indian's chest. He fell, but forced himself up with his hands, dragging himself towards Denton.

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN HOLFORD



he returned to the camp. "It's here!" he had shouted. "Just a few miles up-river. A city centuries old. There's a cyclopean wall around it, and the remains of a mast. I saw some sepulchres . . . an altar to the Sun-god. I was right!" His triumphant voice had roused Denton from the slough of depression.

"A native village," he'd jeered. And Jason had struck him across the face with his open hand.

Jason had struck him again, and taking him by the collar had jerked him to his feet.

He knew then that he would kill Jason.

"Yes," he said. "Jason was mean."

"That brilliant intellect," the Consul said. "It seems incredible . . . but of course, the jungle!"

"At first he was only moody," Denton said. "He would stare at us without speaking. Morosely. When Pietro saw the moustache the last thread of reason seemed to snap. He swore that we were taking him away from the last city of the Incas."

"And there was nothing there?"

"Nothing!" When we tried to punish him, he ran screaming into the jungle. When we found him, he was cut and bleeding from the jungle thorns. We had to tie him to carry him back to camp—and in there were the Chevante."

"And when you brought him back to the camp, you could not leave it?" the Consul said.

"Yes, we stayed."

Yes, they stayed. He had gone up the river with Jason and the Caraya, Pietro the next day. So he was with

them when they found the jewels in one of the central chambers of what must have been the dwelling of the last of the Incas. They were in a chest of solid gold. Richly set jewels in elaborate head-dresses, necklaces that had once adorned the savage beauty of some queen or favoured concubine long since dust. There were brooches, armlets, single stones.

"We're rich!" Denton had gasped, and had commenced shouting the word foolishly, "Rich, rich, rich . . ."

"We're famous," Jason had said, "not rich. The Government of Brazil will claim this; but I will certainly get the credit for finding it. No doubt a part of it will eventually find its way into the British Museum. That might even mean a knighthood."

And he had closed the lid and returned to his study of the hieroglyphics.

The Consul offered Denton a cigarette, and when he shook his head, the Consul lit one himself.

"We stayed in the camp for a fortnight," Denton said. "Jason was growing worse, but there wasn't much that we could do for him. It was on the Sunday, the last day of our second week in that camp that he was killed."

Yes, it happened on the Sunday. They came out of the shadows of the jewel chamber into bright sunshine, and there were shadows falling at the edge of the jungle, where it had crept in to smother the ruins of the ancient city. Chevante!

Pietro had shouted and commenced to run towards the shelter of the river. Over there a bow twanged, and although the small arrow had only grazed his bare shoulder,

Pietro fell writhing upon the ground. He started screaming; screams frightful in their reflection of the pain that was consuming him; until they changed to the sounds of strangulation as he died.

Jason was firing methodically into the shadows, and over there the Chevante were gone. "They are gone," Jason had said. "There is no danger now."

Pietro was dead; his features twisted with the fear of death, and dark with the congested blood of suffocation. Right of him had been too much for Denton, and he had run, screaming as Pietro had screamed, towards the river. He plunged into it and swam, running blindly, as a frightened animal runs.

There were his clothes and his flesh. He lost his rifle in the madness of flight. Fear of the jungle and the Chevante drove him blindly on. Behind him he could hear Jason shouting at him, but the sound was growing fainter. And then, back there a rifle cracked, and a shiver of bark leaped from a mahogany tree beside the pad.

"Stop, Denton! Stop, you fool!"

The rifle cracked again, and something struck him a hard blow in the left thigh. He stumbled and fell, and in falling looked into the eyes of a naked Indian standing beside the pad. There was a bent bow in the Indian's hands, and the arrow blazed over Denton as he fell, to stick, quivering, in the bark of a camphor tree across the pad.

Dark was in the dark eyes, gleaming at Denton from beneath the matted hair; as the Chevante flicked another arrow against the twisted bark string of the bow. The bow

A GIRL HAS TO KNOW MORE THAN ONE KIND OF FIGURE

She was the kind of girl
Who cherished wisdom's pearl,
And easily learned her lesson
Rarely was she confused,
Never was she bemused,
Nor tripped into confusion
That she, sophisticated,
Never lost her sense of the game,
But took 'em right inside.
Oh, she knew the joys of sex,
And the many ways of women
And having taught to hide.
They said she knew the secret,
Knew that two and two made four
But she said, maybe they do!
The thing that interests me
Speaking only figuratively,
Is that one and one make two.

—Quinn

went fast, and close behind Denton Jason shouted angrily, and the rifle cracked again.

The Chevoate staggered. The arrow flew in an arc and disappeared into a tangle of vines. Blood bubbled from a red tub of flesh in the centre of the Indian's chest. He fell, but forced himself up with his hands, dragging himself towards Denton, stabbing at him with the remaining arrow held in his left hand. The lips were drawn back from the yellowish teeth, leaving the face a straining mask of hate.

Denton whispered with fear and looked at him with his heavy boot. Then Jason was there with the rifle, firing into the straining Chevoate, smashing him down into the mud with high-power bullets until his quivering body was still, the hate frozen on his face.

And as he was firing, he was cursing Denton, telling him that if he had one half the guts of the Chevoate, he might be something of a man. Telling him that a white man who had to be shot to stop him from running away was something less than the lowest native.

The Consul coughed discreetly, and Denton shook his head, clearing his mind of these other thoughts.

"He slipped the cords we had tied him with that day," he said. "He took a rifle and ran into the jungle. When I went after him, he shot me."

The Consul said: "Good God!" in a shocked voice.

Denton put his head on his hand. "I got it here," he said. "A deep slash wound." The Chevoate called Pietro followed him, and he was close behind him when Jason ran blindly into the Chevoate.

"They shot Pietro, and he started screaming. Fear drove Jason back towards the safety of the camp, but they caught him at the river. He was wounded and dying, but he struggled into the river trying to get back to camp. Before Gansides could reach him the piranhas were at him. He was screaming before the piranhas found him, and then... that was all."

The Consul's face was pale. He knew about piranhas, those sharp-toothed fish, no larger than a rock-cod, but with the instinct of sharks. The Consul had seen an eighteen-year-old youth with all the flesh torn from his legs in a matter of seconds by piranhas. No, it wouldn't be worthwhile sending a party up there to look for Jason's body.

The Consul shuddered. "There were great shoals of piranhas in the Xinga River."

Denton said: "We used to see them watching us when we waded across. To go in the water with a sore or a wound would have been suicide. They used to keep still in the water, watching us, with their sharp-toothed lower jaw thrust out. Just watching us as we waded."

Yes it was because of the piranhas Jason hadn't attempted to get him back across the river to camp. With that wound bleeding steadily in his thigh, those voracious fish would have stripped the flesh

from his body in a matter of seconds. That was why Jason had left him lying on the bank, his wound bandaged, and the rifle beside him. A raft would have to be built to bring him to the safety of the camp, and for that Jason would need the help of Gansides and the remaining Caracis.

Denton shot him when he was exactly halfway across; aiming very carefully, because there was a slim chance that someone might recover the skeleton one day, and he didn't want any bullet-smashed bones

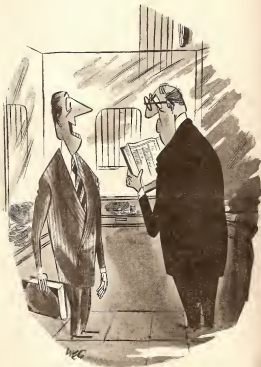
besides silent testimony to murder. So he shot Jason through the thigh, carefully, just as Jason had shot him.

Jason had shouted, and disappeared scoundering in the water that was only waist deep. And as Jason had staggered, dropping the revolver, with blood staining the water around him, the piranhas had come in.

Jason hadn't realised his danger until they were swimming about him.

He tried to struggle towards

(Page 46, please)



"I'm sure you'll find everything will balance out after the sixth race, Mr. Morrison!"

L If others take adventure's ride to shores beyond their bay,
 And let them find the strange-tongued totem of other shores more dear
 While here's a land but with the heart is wild a daring place
 To meet her holes time has outlived, not blooded and serene,
 From jeweled forth to Marlin Bay, from Cactus to Waterloo,
 Tell me the living story of the wild white girl "Mala,"
 (The very knowing white tribes said, but black tribes never it's true)
 And I . . . I know it's true!

Up somewhere North of Alago Springs, and in the River House
 A man's voyage sailed along some twenty years ago,
 His eyes were filled with dreaming and his heart with light endeavor,
 His wife seemed to their baby girl, and long years went and came—
 Suddenly a mob of frenzies, wildly laughing galloped by,
 And a puff of smoke made twilight of the night as an light,
 As the red-robed bird of fire sped its pinions to the sky.

By day it staid by night it swept upon the wild wind's breath,
 It flitted through the tree-top e'er the gloomed wagon decked,
 That croaked and cawed before it: in a flash men of South
 The horse went mad, and dashed with the bill between its teeth,
 (Let Mala's blood be to the scene the land pages have made dim),
 Let say, "Mala and wife perished" and without the rest to Mala
 What of the child—the baby girl—the loved, cool it the when

Of destiny, or not it luck, or not it wild past story
 (The silent tribes call it miracle—God would not call it true),
 The child awakes—the wagon lurched—the tallboard clom gave way,
 And from a sleep of dreams the hell to hell consciousness,
 Two then rode the lake, dumbly walking down the track,
 (How precious perished in the crimson, shining track),
 She look—behold—the Gods were kind . . . they'd sent a baby girl!

She bore her burden in a spilling the River-people knew:
 Its everlasting waters gave her sanctuary and rest,
 And as the flowers round overhead, "Mala," she breathed, "Mala,"
 And let the water hush around and cool and lull at her breast,
 Her eyes closed from the water's blessing, "Mala" grew firm and splendid,
 The river men smiled, but old Kola her fashionable defiance—
 "Toward her out, from the Gods she came, an Wagon of Flame descended!"

Old Kola shed—the wise man with a warning quaked by fear
 "Look out the silver-eyed maiden with the flaming yellow hair;
 And she deceives, misleads them—fashioned laughing and upon,
 And made their grounds her laughing grounds, the river caves her hair
 The old man spoke at last—but Kola the warrior
 Looked at her with desire, once dared her slinking "chew,"
 (The river stars late that Mala held the red with Kola's gown.)

And so the freely wandered, once more upon the land the water
 She lived with strange, new yearning, but she could not remain why,
 As from some faintly ridge she watched the big, red-furled cattle;
 And heard the greenish shouting on the night's breath dropped by—
 Then came the Tons of Hunger, poured and yellow about the river,
 "The One Who Knows" shuddered his wild eyes and glancing at each river,
 He offered them, warning, that the Great God might devour,

Then there stood one warrior they called "The Face of Thunder,"
 Fleeted with mischief, with blood tears the wise man knew,
 He leapt upon the glowing soil and tottered it asunder!
 He beat his club upon his breast, and made the one word flow:
 He brandished high his weapons, and stamped his smoking feet;
 "Ha, follow me, Men of the River, I will find you meat,
 Where white men drive the big red cattle, there shall we eat!"

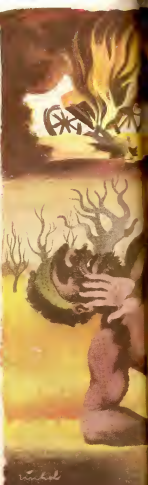
"Ho W's," they sang, "but when the white men eat, leave one, who then?
 His achard face grew helms . . . "What then?" his great voice roared,
 "Eat him, Men of the River—we eat whatever is ours!"
 "Mala," close-laden in the laughing heart, and roared, and roared,
 For in her heart her heart's truest heart, some sleeping spent wake,
 And from the hands at Kola's teaching revealed her love,
 The blood of generations rippled through her veins and spoke,

So that she ran before them by a stiller know way,
 And passed out her story to the endless young dreamer,
 So that he whipped the big red cattle where his hunters lay,
 They broke and fled in terror from these horses, when it was over,
 While united at last—and ascending in the destined place
 Re-told the wretched story over told once time before,
 When Earth's First Women smiled the smile that Women smile at Man

I'm building me a homestead, study warblers me tell!
 It's good to be the catfish that live and swim out here,
 And don't be down the gully, sure me know who's at night!
 To me we go! (he murmured) and "Mala" she said, "Mala"
 From jeweled forth to Marlin Bay, from Cactus to Waterloo,
 Tell me the living story of the wild white girl "Mala,"
 The very knowing white tribes said, but black tribes never it's true
 And I . . . I know it's true!

Leslie H. Clark

* Ho W's—Tos
 † Also known as "paw" a type of long grass common in Northern Australia





Malu

This used to be . . . Broadjumping

THE rhythmic, melodious notes of the flutes echoed back from the solid stone walls of the stadium. The broad-jumpers moved about in a group. They were limbering up and keeping warm, waiting for their individual turns. Their naked bodies glistened in the sunlight. They were shiny with the oil that had been rubbed in for the preparatory massage.

The officials called a name and one of the athletes left the group and approached the take-off, marked by two spears thrust upright in the ground. It was known as the threshold. There was no sand or sardust pit, but the ground in front of the take-off had been dug up and levelled for a distance of some forty-five feet. The jumpers referred to the prepared area as the skamnos.

This broad jumper did not make the accelerating, long, sprint approach of the modern jumper. He started his run with a few short spry steps. In each hand he held a metal weight which must have weighed at least four pounds. These halteres (that was their title) he swung backwards and forwards as he ran. The music of the flautists became louder, its best matched by the definite rhythm of his actions. Nearing the take-off he checked his run and took a couple of long strides. He leapt into the air with the weights thrust forward. His mid-air arms and legs were parallel. As he landed he swung the weights backward, shooting his legs forward.

What was the result of his jump? Twenty-eight or thirty feet or even forty if he were a real champ.

Our bare-skinned jumpers were

ancient Greeks of more than two thousand years ago.

The jumping weights carried by those original athletes could have been of metal or stone and they varied in weight from 2½ lbs. to 10½ lbs. They were usually rectangular or semi-circular, made with a deep recess indented on one side as a grip for the hand. A cylindrical type seems to have been common in later Roman times.

Our modern broad-jump champion depends entirely on his speed for impetus at take-off. The old time Greek jumper depended only partly on his pace. Most of his forward thrust came from the swing of the weights. His approach to the board and his leap and landing, involved a series of well-defined and carefully timed movements. Probably the various movements were taught and practised as a form of drill.

Those Greek broad-jumpers didn't concentrate on establishing records. Their main objective was good form or style. If a jumper landed with one foot in advance of the other the officials didn't even measure or mark his distance. It was considered to be a foul jump.

We do not know why the Greeks introduced the use of weights into jumping. Of course they are not part of the equipment in modern amateur competition, but about a hundred years ago they were used by professional athletes in exhibitions, in England. Reports credit a J. Howard with a mighty leap of 29 ft. 7 ins., performed at Chester, England, in 1854. The athlete Howard used a pair of 5 lb dumb-bells and took off from a board 2 ft. long and 3 ins. thick.

BOTTLE FROM THE JUNGLE

(Continued from page 45)

the bank, but they were already staring the surviving flash from his legs, and he had stumbled and gone under, his shouts of pain muffled by the water.

It didn't matter to the parasites that Jason was an eminent scientist.

Denton had fired the rifle until Gonzales heard, and came from camp to investigate. Gonzales and Jose had built a raft and ferried him across. And while his wound bled . . .

"And the other two," the Consul said, "What happened to them?"

"The Indian, Jose, reached Maracaibo with me," Denton said. But he was far gone with fever. He . . . died there a few

hours after we were brought in."

"And the half-breed, Gonzales?"

"A Chavante arrow killed him," Denton said. "One morning at dawn he was rolled in his blanket beside the fire . . . sleeping . . ."

The Consul shrugged. Brazilians were not his responsibility. He had enough to worry about with his own nationals. He bent his head over his desk taking notes.

Denton looked towards the window. Yes, a Chavante arrow killed Gonzales, an arrow Denton had torn from the back of the camphor tree beside the jungle pad where Jason had killed the Chavante.

An arrow he had driven into Gonzales' throat as he lay asleep. That was after Gonzales and Jose had buried the chest of jewels in a secret spot, now known only to Denton. There was white blood in Gonzales, and he knew a

little, just a little, about their value.

The Consul finished the notes he had been making on the pad on his desk, and stood up.

"Thank you, Mr. Denton," he said. "You have been most helpful. There will be an official inquiry, of course, but it will be a mere formality. I will keep Professor Jason's diaries." He pushed the bottle of curare towards Denton gingerly. "Take this away, and destroy it! It's not very pleasant stuff to have around. I'll advise you when and where to attend the inquiry."

Denton stood in the street and ran his dry tongue quickly across his lips. There was an American style bar amongst the interminable Brazilian sidewalk cafes across the Avenida, so he crossed over and ordered a nip of Scotch. He was thinking about going back to there, and involuntarily he was shuddering at the thought.

But that wasn't the way to think! He had beaten the jungle, and he had beaten Jason. No better than an Indian: was he? And where was Jason now?

He drank the Scotch quickly and ordered another.

This time he would go in from Peru. It would be easier that way, following in the tracks of the Inca.

He found his head nodding, he shook it vigorously and glanced about him, sitting down the empty glass. Whiskey was bad for a man recovering from fever, a man who had been wounded and had gone through what he had gone through.

He turned abruptly away from the bar, and pain took hold of the healed wound in his thigh, so that he lurched sideways against the mahogany bar, momentarily off balance. And in the side pocket of his coat, something cracked with the sound of broken glass; and in his left hip there was a small prick of pain.

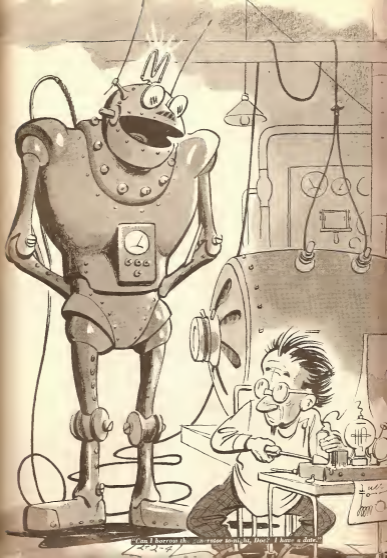
Denton put his hand gropingly into his coat pocket, his face ashen. When he took out his hand it held broken fragments of the glass bottle, fragments coated with a dark, resinous substance.

He said urgently to the man behind the bar: "You've got to get me to a doctor . . . curare . . ." And then pain blossomed in his hip, and an unbelievable constriction took hold of his heart. He started screaming as he fell; and when he fell his struggles ground other fragments of the broken curare bottle deeply into his flesh.

WHICH WAY DID SHE GO?

A girl who had skill at discerning a portent
Heard a man's intention and guessed what he meant.
She added up wins and losses and diving
And figured his motives were far from refining.
Despite all his cunning concealing his meaning
Her instincts sensed what he said as he veiled,
His guile was all wasted, she knew what he meant,
And, knowing his meaning, she actually went!

—Wockegg



"Can I borrow the... rotor tonight, Doc? I have a date."

Fran



and Johnny



were worlds apart

but now both had to deal with ...

THE SEA AND THE

RICHARD LYNFORD • FICTION

PEDDER came to see me about a year after he had married Fran, and I didn't like him any more than then I had when I'd seen him taking Fran along the aisle of a church, taking her right away from me. He hadn't changed much. A bit taller, maybe, but he'd always had that beefy roundness that made his sweeting appearance seem badly out of place, and he wore a couple three diamonds in his tie, and his jawline had got fuller.

"Fran and I want to go on a cruise," he said. "Figi, Tahiti, Hawaii."

"That's fine," I said. "I'm not stopping you."

"You're still sore, Johnny," he said.

Pedder didn't know how sore, but I'd long ago tried to adopt a placid philosophy about the whole business, about Pedder getting Fran when he knew damned well I wanted her and would have got her if he hadn't chucked in with his pocketbook set with dollars.

"Sure," I said.

Pedder looked as though he didn't know whether to use the high hand or come down to any level and talk like a guy with a soul. He wasn't too good at either, and he knew from a long time back that his insolence impressed me just about as much as a 22 impressed the hide of an elephant, so he gave a blundering exhibition of being human.

"I know how you feel, Johnny. Mad as a hornet. But look at it this way — there were two men and only one girl. Both men couldn't win. Fortune swung the pointer in my direction . . ."

"All right. I don't want to hear about it," I said. "Get on with the cruise."

"You make it hard, Johnny," Pedder breathed deeply. It sounded as if his throat was blocked up with snotum. "Fran and I want to go on a pleasure cruise around the Pacific, just taking it quietly, stopping as long in one place as we want to, then going on to the next."

"Sounds wonderful," I told him.

"You're trying to be dumb, Johnny."

"Yeah," I said. "I'm trying to be dumb. Why the hell don't you say straight out that you want my best?"

"Because you wouldn't give me a chance." He started getting high-headed but stopped when he saw I was looking at him just the way I look at a fly-blown lump of steak. "It's Fran's idea as much as mine," he said. "Fran wants to go. Fran wants you to take us."

"Fran's crazy," I said.

"Why?"

"One and two don't make four, Pedder. Three people don't fit together on a cruise without somebody wanting to cut somebody else's throat. And maybe I've got other reasons."

"All that's passed, Johnny. This is a business proposition. I don't mind paying a high price for a good man and a good boat. You can name your price."

He lit a cigar. That was a new affectation, and after four

full puffs the end of the cigar was soggy. He didn't look natural smoking a cigar. In fact Pedder didn't look natural doing anything.

"You've always had a funny idea about dough," I told him. "You never try to use your personality; you always buy cash, until you've got the idea that a few lousy quid speed over anybody's palms will make them do a couple of Yoga tricks for the joy of possessing it. I don't want money, Pedder, I don't want to cruise the Pacific, I don't want to do a damned thing for you, and I don't want to see Fran again."

"The last was a lie," he said.

Maybe that one didn't jolt me. But I didn't think Pedder guessed that I'd give almost anything I had to see Fran again — the real Fran, instead of the phantom that came to me night after night and tried to crawl into bed with me until I was sweating, that brushed my lips, that stood in front of me smiling as only Fran could smile, that held out inviting arms until I had to get up and walk around, smoking one cigarette after another, until I was too tired or too cold to stay out any longer. But I didn't want to let Pedder know all that.

"Okay," I said. "It was a lie. Maybe I do want to see Fran, but that doesn't mean I'm going to heal up my slicks and head for the Pacific merely for the prospect of seeing you close her cabin door seven nights a week."

"It wouldn't be as bad as that, Johnny. And you'd need another man in the crew. That would make four."

"Yeah. It would take another man."

"In my opinion it would work out, Johnny. There's a lot of prejudice in your system that would work itself out in a couple of days." He slobbered over his cigar. "There's no reason, no reason on earth, why we shouldn't all have a good time."

"Can't you hear another boat?" I said.

He leaned forward. "Fran wants you to take us, Johnny. Fran has a lot of confidence in you, and so have I. Yes, we could charter another boat, but we don't want to."

"You can charter another boat and be damned."

"I'll pay you in advance, Johnny."

"For God's sake, Pedder, I don't want your dough. When I knew you and Fran before, I was as poor as ninety-nine out of every hundred other writers, but I was lucky, wrote a best-seller and cracked the jackpot, and until the public says I stink I'm on easy street."

"I read your book, Johnny. I like it."

"You'd be crazy to say you didn't."

He chuckled right down in his stomach, and for some reason or other I was reminded of a horse with colic. He didn't waste any time about me or my novel but got right back to the cruise.

I took off her blouse and felt the swelling of her ribs. I explored the breast as tenderly as I could; there was a break there all right. I got material from the first aid kit and taped up her chest.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN

SINNER





"Mr. Phipps would like to know if any of you gentlemen would care to take him to lunch?"

"Let's get down to the details," he said unscrewing a fountain pen. "We can arrange price at any time to suit yourself."

"There are no details, Pedder. There's no deal."

"Why not?"
"Because I won't take it on. I'd be a fool if I did." I thought of Fern for a moment. "Look,

I'll give you a letter to a man that suits a lunch quite as good as my own, his navigation is as good as mine, and his manners are a damned sight better."

Pedder shook his head "Fern said you."

"I say no."
Pedder looked like a kid that wasn't allowed open his

Christmas presents the night before. He pulled a slip of paper from a notebook and jotted down a number.

"If you change your mind, Johnny, give me a ring."

"I won't be changing my mind."

"You might," he said.
He shook hands with me when he left, and I didn't say

I enjoyed the contact at all.

That night Fern came to me again, more vivid, more vital and more beautiful than I'd known her for a long time, and she stood there with her hands on her hips, that smiling challenge in her eyes. She never spoke. All the nights she had come to me she never spoke but just stood there, or came to me, come to my bed, until I could feel the warmth and softness and sweetness of her until I averted, until I bit my lip, until I turned on the light, lit a cigarette and went into the cold air.

Or she laughed, throwing her head back a little so that I could see the gleam of her white throat, the uplifted, perfect contour of her breasts, the bold sweep of her hips and thighs. Or she would look at me with the tears at the back of her eyes, stretching her smooth round arms forward in invitation on her red lips and the muscles of my jaw go hard, my stomach bunch up, my breath come hot and fast, and I would reach for my cigarettes.

She was close to me after Pedder had gone. Maybe Pedder had disturbed me a lot, for Fern the phantom was very real. She came near my bed,

The Kind Of Man I Like

I SELDOM meet the kind of man I like, one reason being that most are indiscreet either with an thought of divinity, another is that they are either too young with too little sense or too old with too little money.

Men don't bother me, but the men who might need not be handsome as long as he has a presentable figure, I'd like him to be between 30 and 40, well established to provide comfortably for the future. He should have brothers, no nation; he should have expensive tastes and appetites. A



By Melita Smith
Well-known model.

well-dressed woman, have a love for the arts and four things of life. He must admire my hair.

Above all he must be happy-go-lucky and enjoy life to the full.

So I come to the man I don't like—smooth, who will just look and look again with indifference. He is the specific male who imagines he is just wonderful, when actually he has nothing more than perhaps, a fat forehead and a long haircut.

THE GIRL: Melita Smith, height, 5 feet 7 inches, hair, 24, waist 24, hips, 35.

looking down with a rare sadness in her eyes, and then her hand moved and touched my forehead, and she smiled. I could see her. I could see the roundness of her jaw and the unhappy lift of her mouth, the slightly moving muscles as her fingers stroked my forehead, the movement of her throat as she swallowed. I could see the movement of the pulsing blood in her beautiful arms, the rise and fall of her breast, the slow movement of her eyelids. I could catch the fragrance of her. I could feel the softness of her fingers on my forehead.

And when I moved my own hand to grip hers, to kiss her fingers and draw her down to me, she was gone, and I was in the darkness, my jaw aching, the blood thundering in my ears, and I felt crazy. She was gone.

I felt a hulking sob come to my throat. I kicked off the blankets and went over to the window, looking over the harbor and trying to relax. I knew some day I would go crazy. I felt my pyjamas sticking to me although the night was cold. I knew that, unless something happened, I would go insane, and I argued with myself that I was a damned fool introvert keeping alive a dream because I didn't want to forget it, that I wanted to keep on remembering Fran, that I liked having my nights broken up by a phantom. But I'd argued it all before, and it got me nowhere.

Then I got to thinking about Pedder, how he had changed. Maybe Fran had changed, too, absorbed some of Pedder's vile personality, his outlook, and changed for the worse. Maybe if nobody else could shatter my dreams, Fran could herself. Maybe if I saw her again the ideal would fade away.

That line kept me going for some time. I thought I had something there, and I kept on toting it about in my mind. I loved Fran as she used to be and it wasn't impossible that twelve months with Pedder had changed her just enough to smash up the picture of an ideal. I felt strong about that. I felt I was on the right track, and then I was sure of it.

After a few more minutes I looked at the clock and went down to the telephone. It was three in the morning. I dialled Pedder's number, let the phone ring for a couple of minutes, then dialled again. Pedder got up the second time, and sounded like it.

"It's Johnny here," I cut in. That toned him down a bit. He mumbled for a while.

"When do you want to leave?"

"There was a long pause. Then Pedder said, 'This ain't a practical joke'."

"I've thought it over. Tell me when you want to go."

"Can you do it in a week?"

"Sure," I said.

"You've no idea how pleased I am, Johnny. I had the feeling you might have realised how foolish you were being about the whole business. After all, there's no reason..."

"Okay," I said, "you can cut the partisan dialogue. Ring me back to-morrow."

Then I hung up the receiver. Fran hadn't changed physically. She was still the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen in my life. She was twenty-three, eight years younger than Pedder, and she was glorious in her womanhood. She came across the deck to me, smiling in just that way I'd dreamed about for so many nights.

"Hello, Johnny," she said quietly.

I couldn't say anything for a minute, and she seemed to sense it. She touched my arm, turned slightly. "I like your boat," she said.

"She's a good boat, Fran."

"I'm glad you changed your mind," she said.

We waited for Pedder to come along, and then I took them over the boat, briefly explaining the things they asked about the twin motors, the radio, the navigation aids. I'd brought a sixteen-year-old boy along, because he was doing a course of navigation and wanted the experience, and an ex-ex-captain, because I wanted to palm off some of the responsibility. I introduced Pedder and Fran to them.

They were on deck when we left, and when we had cruised away from the quay, feeling a little at the tightness of the circle, the man, Jaan, took the wheel, and we went below. It was fairly late in the afternoon, so I went to the cockpit cabinet.

"Sherry?"

"Thanks," Fran said.

"What brand is it?" Pedder said.

I turned around to stare at him. "It's a good brand, Pedder, and even if it were a lousy one, you'd probably drink it rather than go without."

Fran looked uncomfortable. Pedder took the glass and said nothing, and we drank in an awkward silence. I called the boy, Damon, in and asked him to knock up some tea. He nodded gravely. He took life seriously. Then I turned to

(Page 52, please)

IT DRIVES 'EM MAD!

by Don Tobin



1 "It's for you"



2



3



4



5



6



7



8

"Well, who was it?"

MIGHTY ATOM

A little Welsh swimmer with a terrific punch in each hand suffered only four defeats in fifteen boxing years.

JAMES HOLLIDGE • FACT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES PHILLIPS

AS any English fight fan who was his country's greatest boxer, and nine out of ten will immediately answer, "Why the Mighty Atom, of course."

There are referring to a painfully thin, undernourished but courageous little Welsh miner with a terrific punch in both hands, who during 15 years in the ring fought more than 850 contests for but four defeats.

Never weighing much more than seven stone, looking "like a frail invalid", with "arms like pipestems", this former featherweight champion of the world was a little freak, who spent most of his ring career handing out quick and painful beatings to opponents weighing anything up to 12 or more stone.

Retired since 1923, his exploits have become almost legendary.

The name of this little wonder in, of course, Jimmy Wilde. Of him it has been said: "If his body had been in proportion to the size of his heart, we should have had and held, for many years the title which no Englishman has looked like winning since Bob Fitzsimmons lost it."

Born at Tylensdown in the Rhondda Valley, Jimmy Wilde discovered his fighting qualities long before he left school. Four-and-a-half feet in height and five stone in weight, he became renowned for his ability to keep standing longer than others twice his build during the countless street fights and brawls the miners' children revelled in. Wilde says his success was because "there was not enough of me to hit squarely".

At thirteen, for two shillings a day, he was working with men on the coal-face, 1,000 feet down the pit shaft. Like all Welsh miners, they talked constantly of boxing, of epic contests—49 rounds or more—between the champions of each mountain village.

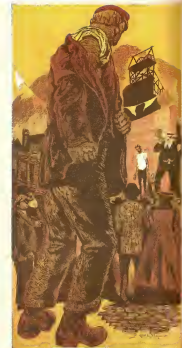
Jimmy had the good fortune to draw as his working partner one of these old mountain fighters, Dai Davies. Under his tuition he learned a few classic blows—the upper-cut, the straight left, and so on—and the essentials of defence.

It was some months before Davies realized how good young Wilde was. Jimmy had got into an argument with another miner's boy and, as usual, a fight was suggested as the best means of settling it. The fact that his opponent was a good three stone heavier and had some experience in the local boxing booths, does not seem to have worried either the spectators or the contestants.

As in all his subsequent fights against bigger men, Wilde relied on his speed to get him out of trouble and eventually nettled his opponent into anger and thus carelessness.

For several rounds he danced around the other boy, taking a few heavy punches, but nothing with enough kick to hurt him. Exasperated, his enemy came out for the next with a wild rush, arms swinging crazily and his face showing his determination to catch Jimmy and stop him dancing away and making him look a fool.

To everyone's surprise, Wilde used his ground. With his feet firmly planted, he



lucked his chin in and, as the target came into range with a wide-open defense, let go with his thin, ready right arm that packed a strange strength. His opponent went down and stayed down.

Soon Jimmy Wilde had joined Jack Searrott's boxing troupe. They travelled from village to village, challenging all-comers to put on the gloves and go a round or so for a pound.

Years later in 1916 when Wilde was the English flyweight champion, he ran across Searrott's booth at the Pontypriod Fair. He went around the back to make himself known to his old boss.

After the usual hand-shaking, Searrott had a bromesaw. He offered Jimmy £48 to take

him former place in the booth for that afternoon.

Wilde agreed, and in a few seconds Searrott was outside making the announcement to a rapidly growing crowd and supervising the pushing queues at his ticket windows. Four hours later, without having taken off his gloves, Jimmy Wilde had knocked out 23 different opponents.

Sometime in 1913, having by this time married Dai Davies' daughter, Elizabeth, and become the father of a son, Jimmy Wilde decided that he had learned all the boofis could teach him. He wanted to graduate to promoted boxing matches.

Accordingly he went to see Ted Lewis, a well-known promoter who was soon to be-

home his manager. At Lewis's gymnasium in the town of Milfield, the plump-faced Welshman had difficulty in convincing the doorman that he was really a boxer and not a rag-doll schoolboy.

At last Lewis himself came to the door to see the six-and-a-half-stone bratling.

In a kindly tone he said, "I'm afraid you're not heavy enough to be a boxer, my boy. You go home, put on a little weight and grow a few inches. Then you can come back and see me again."

"I'll fight anyone at any weight," declared Jimmy as a last resort. "I've never been beaten yet, sir."

A little exasperated, Lewis murmured, "Never been beaten, eh? Come inside and we'll see if we can remedy that!"

There was a crowd of spectators in the gym as Ted Lewis led the diminutive Jimmy over to the ring and nodded to an amazed middleweight standing there to put on the gloves. When they were convinced each other that the burly matchstick was to be his opponent, they let out a roar of derisive laughter.

Wilde put everything he had into the task of knocking out the man and showing Lewis to was worth a chance. He spent four rounds gassing the middleweight to drop his defense and come in swinging, determined to finish it quickly. It always happened that way with much heavier men.

Jimmy smiled as he saw him rush forward at the opening of the fifth, making the mistake countless amateurs had done in the booths there was his chance. The fellow's face and body were wide open.

He leapt forward himself, both fists ready to do their job. A right to the heart stopped the middleweight in his tracks; a left to the stomach had him floundering, his chin jutting out like a beak, waiting for just one more Wilde punch. He got it and went down as surely as if he had been hit with a lump of lead pipe.

Thus it was proved as he started his real career under Lewis, Jimmy Wilde had a punch in either hand that waxy heavyweights would have been proud of. Some said his secret was a "crick-screw" effect which he achieved by twisting his wrist just before the impact. Actually it was only his wiry, bony strength, and split-second timing gained from years of experience such as few boxers get a chance to receive.

Lewis gave Wilde plenty of fights, as he said he would. During the next year Jimmy

fought all over the British Isles. His first important bout was on New Year's Eve, 1912, at Glasgow. Just turned 25, he met Billy Padden for the seven-stone championship of England.

The two little fellows gave the audience a better show than they had ever seen before. Padden proved more troublesome than any of the bigger men Jimmy had fought in the past. For 13 rounds they went at it hammer and

tongue, like two enraged fighting cocks.

Over the next ten years, from 1913 to 1923, Jimmy Wilde earned for himself immortality in the annals of British boxing. He was to win the flyweight championship of England and then the world, and prove himself the greatest fighter in that division of all time.

The steady stream of Wilde successes was beginning to attract attention. Jimmy was

ready-made newspaper copy; and when he descended upon London, in May, 1914, to beat Georges Gloux, who had a record of a win over Carpenter, the scribes really let their heads go.

"Poor Gloux," announced one paper after the fight. "It was too cruel. The house laughed and kept on laughing but it wasn't laughing at him. The amusement was all at Wilde. His amazing inactivity, the uncanny ease with



which he did everything he felt inclined to do, and the calm air of superiority with which he refrained from hurling Gloria overmuch at other times was one of those things which you had to laugh at."

Then came the debacle with Tancy Lee in his first bid for the flyweight title in London on January 23, 1915. It was Jimmy's first defeat and, although probably caused by the influenza from which he was suffering, nearly put an end to his career for all time, so badly was he battered during the hectic 17 rounds before the referee stopped it.

But boxing is a queer business. His conqueror, the champion Tancy Lee, was seasonally routed by the Devon boxer, Joe Symonds, who had a famous and deadly left hook. Strangely, Symonds had himself been beaten months before by Jimmy Wilde.

Ted Lewis went into action and managed to get Symonds and Wilde signed up in a return match for the championship. It was more than a year after the Tancy Lee fight that Jimmy Wilde climbed into the ring at the National Sporting Club for this, his second crack at the flyweight title of England.

Although over a stone heavier and with much more experience of big-time bouts, Symonds was not really in Wilde's class. Jimmy took the offensive from the beginning and kept up a merciless barrage until in the eighth his opponent, down on one knee and too far gone to defend himself any further, raised his hand in token of submission.

A roar went round as the referee lifted Wilde's arm. The dream of the Tylorstown fl-boy had been realized. He was not only a professional boxer, but a champion of all England to boot.

A world title fight with the Zulu Kid, the American flyweight, being out of the question for the time being, Wilde contented himself with getting a return with the one man who had beaten him, the Scot, Tancy Lee.

They met in June, 1916. This time, untroubled by illness, Wilde had Lee's seconds throwing in the towel in the eleventh.

Then came the news that the Zulu Kid had accepted an offer from an English promoter, Jack Gallagher, and was going to make the trip to meet the Mighty Atom.

Strangely, at Woburn Stadium just before Christmas, 1918 the Zulu Kid, who was really an American of Italian extraction, gave Wilde the closest important fight he had

had for quite some time.

For eleven rounds he followed the Kid around the ring, methodically cutting him to ribbons. After the match, in some quarters Wilde was criticised for his merciless killer qualities; but if he had relented and the American had come back with a lucky punch, those critics would have been the first to label him a sentimental fool.

No boxer should say any opponent down easy—if only to keep faith with the paying customers. But to do so when a world title is at stake, would be ludicrous. Wilde was correct in pulverising the Kid into insensibility as quickly as he could.

Now flyweight champion of the world, Jimmy Wilde was able to convince the Army that his fragile looks might be a little deceptive. They agreed to accept his enlistment; but speedily despatched him to Sandhurst as a physical training instructor.

Just before the end of the war, no other suitable opponents being in sight, Wilde agreed to meet Joe Conn, a good nine-stone boxer from London who was reputed to have a chance for the world title if he could net the American featherweight champion in the ring.

Perhaps the best summation of the Conn match can be found in the words of the referee who stopped it in the 12th.

"Wilde is the mystery man of boxing," he afterwards said. "Con was neither over-trained, stage-struck nor lazy. His downfall was brought about by Wilde's terrific punching. He stung Conn all over."

One month after the Armistice, in an Inter-Allied Bantamweight Tournament, Jimmy Wilde met the American Pat Moore, then a Serviceman in the U.S. Forces, in the first of their two much-discussed matches. It was to be his second ring defeat.

It was only a three-round affair; and by a two-to-one decision of the judges, Moore got the verdict. But it was not a popular one, as the vast crowd that filled the Albert Hall nearly turned on a riot.

But as far as Wilde was concerned, the damage was done. In the United States people began to call his victory over the Zulu Kid a fluke and question his worthiness to hold the world title. Jimmy had to go over and prove his ability before this taint to his title was removed.

Pat Moore, believing he was the better man and could still win over a longer distance demanded a professional con-

test. The late C. H. Cochran, realising the immense public interest, promoted a 20-round match between them for a purse of £2,000 at Olympia in July, 1919.

As Moore was actually a bantam, Wilde's title was, of course, not involved. But it was just as important for Jimmy to win. Another defeat by Moore might have spoiled a projected American tour, for which he was then negotiating.

Wilde did win, but only on points. At the end of the 20 rounds as referee Eugene Corr crowned him, a storm of protest arose from the American's corner. Moore was a specialist in the "flap" hit with an open glove; and his supporters did not realise that in England this is discredited in scoring points. Corr's verdict was undoubtedly a just one.

The American tour eventuated late that year. When Wilde arrived, though, he found that he was not regarded as a champion as he was at home. At first he found it difficult even to get contests. But gradually he got going and made a reputation on his merits.

When he returned to England six months later, some £25,000 the richer, he had fought eleven bouts, of which he won five by knock-out. The remainder were the unsatisfactory "No Decision" bouts which once were common in America.

But at home Wilde's peerless shuflly had had its own effect. There were no worthwhile opponents in England to fight him. Whether he liked it or not, Jimmy was forced into semi-retirement.

However eventually an American bantam, Pete Herman, with whom Wilde had been unable to get a match in the United States, was brought over by an English promoter. They met on January 15 1921, at the Albert Hall, London.

Now 35, Jimmy was getting on, but it was not that which caused his defeat. It was the fact that he was giving nearly two stone to the finest boxer in the bantamweight division in the world. That he was unable to do so, does not detract from his own great record.

Actually, Wilde should never have stepped into the ring by a misunderstanding in the contract. Herman had been permitted to weigh in hours before the contest. It was obvious when he arrived for the match that he was now pounds over the bantam limit, and he absolutely refused to step on

the scales again to clear the matter up.

Wilde's wife and manager begged him not to fight. One for the fact that several of the preliminaries had been cancelled owing to sickness, it is possible that he would have heeded them. But with the crowd waiting impatiently outside and a message of encouragement from the Prince of Wales, who was among them, in his hand, he decided he could not stop back.

For 15 rounds he held his own; but gradually the weight of Herman's heavier punching began to tell. At the 17th, when the American came at with a vicious attack, he was obviously very tired.

Four times the little Welshman went down; and four times he climbed up to continue the uneven battle. The last time, however, he was tottering on his feet as he tried to shape up.

Rushing forward, the referee picked him up bodily and, ignoring his protests, carried him to his corner and deposited him on his stool. Then he crowned Herman the winner.

Two-and-a-half years later Jimmy Wilde came out of retirement. Although he was now 36, and not a shadow of the former giant-killer, for the tempting purse of £13,000 he agreed to go to the United States and meet the Filipino Pancho Villa, for the world flyweight title.

It is boxing history now how the courageous Mighty Atom fought the wild-cat Villa until he could fight no more. By the seventh he was helpless; his eyes closed, his face streaming blood—as the Filipino rained blows through his now non-existent defence.

Mercifully, a final left to the chin stretched him out on the canvas. Jimmy Wilde was dead to the world. Four hours later he was still unconscious. It was three weeks before he was able to recognise his wife.

Thus the career was finished of one of the greatest as well as the greatest English boxers of all time. All through that fight the Mighty Atom had but one fear—someone might stop it. He kept repeating in his seconds, "I'll fight till I go out."

Accordingly, when the referee looked over to his corner appealingly during the last terrible round, his followers shook their heads. Jimmy was a champion and no one was going to stop him going out like a champion should—full-length on the floor, with his face toward his conqueror.



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YOUR LIFE



MORALITY meets a challenge

Can a woman wage-earner be effective as a mate, as a wife or as a mother? She may establish a new pattern

THE UNITED STATES has made it clear that its next phase of activity is to be an all-out strenuous programme developed alongside full-scale civilian production. What problem this will involve in gaining raw material may be considerably less important than the problem of man-power.

In Australia the position is no different—except that while there are 3,000,000 unemployed in the U.S., there are actually no unemployed here. We have already absorbed many women into occupations which were, ten short years ago, strictly the domain of men. And there is little, if any, doubt that an increased drive to rearm Australia will have to fall back on the American solution, that of drawing woman-power.

What this will mean in the community is already to be seen, in the case histories of women high wage-earners. They see no possibility of marrying, especially to a man who often earns little if any more than they do. They see two possible futures: one, to stay single; the other, to marry and carry on with their profitable occupation.

There will no doubt come

about a different attitude to the economic side of woman's existence. This already exists the position that a wage-earning wife expects to clothe herself without depending on her husband's money, and there is growing up a section of young career women who expect to share the expense of a casual night out with a man. The married couples who both work have their mutual arrangements for sharing living expenses, often on the basis that their joint incomes are pooled to provide all the necessities and joint savings.

This economic aspect, while it can cause a lot of trouble, is simply worked out by people who are both coming and can talk things over sensibly. The more complicated aspects of the growing number of women workers involve the less tangible but most significant problems of sexual behaviour.

Marriage guidance bureaus, both in America and Australia, have definite indications that the working wife studies co-reception with renewed vigour, and it will not be very long before the use of woman-power in industry will

have its reflection on the birth-rate. Women who, a decade ago, would have produced two or three children, are now producing none.

But while the childless marriages of working couples presents a social problem, the non-marrying women present a wider problem and one that may well upset some good old-fashioned ideas.

These women will not, in the majority of cases, deny themselves any form of sex life because the economic trends indicate that they remain single. The old gag-line definition of the difference between an old maid and a bachelor girl may have wide and serious repercussions.

It is not surprising that the old questions of sex outside of marriage have been receiving new and wide publicity. But it is noticeable that they are being dealt with, not on any moral grounds, but generally on the physical ground of whether abstinence of adults from sexual activity is harmful or not.

The case made out in a recent frank discussion for the fact that continence is harmful, came right to the point

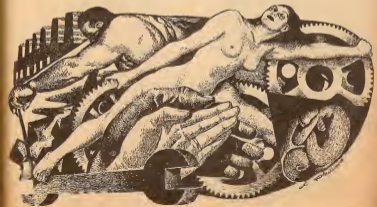
"How long is continence compatible with well-being?" Dr. Joseph Collins, author of "The Doctor Looks at Love and Life", answers tersely, "The shorter the better".

Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, British psychologist and author of "The Mastery of Sex", recently visited Australia, and in out of his first public pronouncement said in Melbourne that infrequent sexual behaviour caused endless personal unhappiness.

The new code of behaviour among unmarrieds, and the new limitations on the families of married working couples, foreshadow big changes both in the family structure and in the "morale" of unmarried adults.

As already stated, these factors become, sooner or later, personal problems. And it is notorious that people have to solve personal problems for themselves. There is probably only one way in which any help can be given to people who want to adjust themselves without losing balance, and that is in wider, deeper and more sex education.

— **Bruce Thompson**





WARD McNALLY • AUSTRALASIAN

AWAY WENT RICHARD

BACK in 1942, when acts of bravery were every-day occurrences, a young man aged 20 escaped from a New Zealand reformatory, stole a 27-foot sailing craft and sailed his way into the hearts of Tasmanians.

Extradited to New Zealand, he took with him—or rather his escort did—a petition to the New Zealand Government, signed by 600-odd citizens of Robert. Amongst the signatories were the Lt-Governor, Sir John Evans, the Premier, Mr. Cosgrove, the Bishop-elect of Otago, the Right Rev Dr. Birchard, the leader of the Opposition, Mr. W. Baker, Mr. Murdoch, M.L.C., Sir John McPhee, and others.

Let's follow this remarkable case from its beginning in the Auckland (N.Z.) reformatory court to its climax one cold, foggy morning on Auckland's Waitemata harbour.

English-born Richard Hugh Humphries had been in New Zealand about twelve months when he was charged with the theft of a lumber-jacket valued at £1/10/- He elected to be tried by the presiding magistrates and, despite his strong plea of innocence, plus the complainant's inability to positively identify the pocket, despite, too, the fact that Humphries was in receipt of a 'hard' monthly allowance from his Regular Army Commissioned Officer father in England, and owned his own small car, he was found guilty and sentenced to two years at Heratol.

While being taken to the Waukena Boreland, 130 miles south of Auckland, Humphries, who was not handcuffed, asked to be taken to the toilet, broke away from his guard, and leapt from the fast-travelling train.

Three nights later police from the East Coast town of Tauranga rowed quietly out to a yacht that had been reported as behaving "suspiciously", and recaptured Hum-

phries, who was asleep in the cabin. Following an additional six months' imprisonment for escape, Humphries was for four months kept within the grim grey of Auckland's Mt Eden prison, home of the dominion's toughest convicts.

Finally transferred to Waukena, he appeared to at least reconcile himself to serving out his sentence amably. For three months he was a model prisoner, quickly cultivated the confidence of officials.

Then one Saturday morning he was made a "trustee" and sent out to work in the garden of one of the warden's homes—within an hour he was missing.

Police and farmers within a fifty-mile radius were notified and requested to keep a sharp look-out. Warders loaded the rifle, which at Waukena are carried only at such times, and set out to comb the 5,000-acre farm for the escapee.

For three days and nights the search went on—but no sign of Humphries.

Then four months later he was arrested on a lonely road twenty miles from Heratol.

The full story of his escape was then told—and what a story!

When Humphries planned his escape, he did so in the knowledge that prison officials attached to New Zealand Borelands and Prison Camps always searched locally for three days for an escapee after which the case is handed over to the police, knowing this, Humphries avoided detection by the simple expedient of climbing one of the well-thinned trees in one of the many plantation farms and perched there for the entire three days.

When he did hit the road, he travelled by night only getting food and water as best he could, mostly from cowbills. By this means he also obtained a change of clothes, swapped his prison garb for a pair of dungarees, and a jersey which





**An escape from a
New Zealand prison to
make an epic small boat voyage**

a farmer had left overnight. Eventually he made his way 1,300 miles south to the city of Invercargill, where for three months he boarded with a family he refused to name, and worked as a casual labourer.

During his stay in Invercargill, Humphries visited the sea port town of Bluff where the small craft moored in the harbour acted as a magnet to him.

Then one still moonless night Humphries committed what he claimed was the first of his only two crimes. He broke and entered a general store and from it stole 60 gallons of petrol, £15 worth of tinned food, he removed this to the waterfront, dived into the sea and swam out to the Seahird, the little craft in which he had decided to make his big bid for freedom.

Seen aided only by a 3½-school compass, a map from a school atlas, and with absolutely no seafaring experience

to assist him, Humphries set sail for Australia.

The petrol didn't last long, and he was forced to rely upon the tide.

"Luckily," he told reporters in Hobart, "I had a wealth of kinds and it kept time accurately. I reckoned on legging 50 land miles a day—actually I must have done much better. She was a sweet little ship and treated me well." For food, Humphries said he did fairly well. "At first I was able to cook potatoes and beef coffee by harnessing the heat from the exhaust manifold of the engine."

Twice he said he had to go "over the side" in order to clear himself away from the rudder. By improvised remote control he was able to navigate the Seahird from below decks—a piece of rope attached to the tiller being the medium of steering.

On the 10th morning out from New Zealand, tired, his food almost gone, his water

sufficient for only one more day, Humphries made the Tasmanian coast a little south of Tryphenna—and then had the bad luck to be picked up by the Tasmanian police in mistake for an English ship deserter for whom they were looking.

Soon, Humphries' courage and feat of navigation captured the imagination of all Hobart. Old Salts, whose memories reached back to the days of the windjammers, agreed that the youngster had performed something little short of an epic.

Pending the arrival of a New Zealand police escort, a leading Hobart business man prevailed upon the magistrate, the late Col. Clark, to release Humphries on bail into his charge. This man took the boy into his own home, where his quiet demeanor and good manners impressed all who met him.

In due time Detective Cromwell, of Auckland, arrived to

take Humphries back. Flown to Sydney, the young escapee was placed in the cells of the Dominion Monarch, then being used as a troop carrier.

At midnight on the night of arrival in Auckland, the ordinary military guard was removed and six sergeants placed over Humphries and the five military prisoners confined with him.

At 2 a.m. Humphries, under heavy guard, was taken at his own request to the toilet situated on the deck. Suddenly Humphries struck out violently with both hands at his guards, threw them off balance and vaulted the ship's rail into the red-hot, icy waters of the Westmorlands.

Police launches sped up and down the beach heads of the inner harbour—but Richard Hugh Humphries was never seen again.

Practically seen the authorities attempted to write him off as dead; but Humphries was known to be a powerful swimmer, who had often swum distances up to five miles. And when he went over the side of the Monarch she was a scant 544 yards from shore!

Some say that Richard Hugh Humphries had good friends amongst the personnel of the Dominion Monarch; that, in fact, he never left her but returned to England in her—there are a lot of people in Tasmania who sincerely hope he did!







"Dear Diary . . . last night my husband arrived home unexpectedly . . ."

YOUR BOOKS



CAVE MAN STUFF...

At a camp a thousand feet below the earth
a cave explorer celebrated his birthday

IT IS MY understanding of it that a good while ago, when men first decided to get in out of the wet, they made their earliest experimental homes in caves, and that there was no housing shortage because caves were home, and there were enough caves to go round. It seems pretty clear that caves, as the domestic establishments of human families, lasted for a very long time.

To this reviewer personally, caves have been an integral part of life: in boyhood pirates and giants alike had their mysterious or terrifying caves; there were caves in dear Australian gullies where the "gang" of which I was a youthful member, met in pledged secrecy; in student days caves stood revealed as the terrible element in mythology; and even as a blase mature reader a few years ago, I was startled by the bizarre adventures in caves described by Norbert Castet in "Ten Years Under the Earth".

In fact, Castet's amazingly different book, a lively English translation of a lively French original, stimulated the curious reader to look abroad for more writing about caves. The geologists have treated the matter in a most uninteresting way; the travel pamphlets dealing with the spectacular caves of Jenson and less celebrated Australian places and the less interesting caves of the United States, confine themselves to tedious, Fitz-Patrickesque description. But no major author has considered caves worthy of his notice. You'd expect that Addison, in his remarkably versatile "Spectator", to have hit upon the subject; or that De Quincey, who dug up more curious information than any other essayist, would have written about them; or that at least a dictionary of quotations would show that poets had sung something about caves, even if only to get a word rhyming with "waves"—but no. Caves, research reveals, are more taboo in literature than sex.

Castet, who is a very famous speleologist (that being the usual word applied to "cave-is") has apparently realized the gravity of this



position, for he has now written another book about Caves under the title of "Cave Men New and Old." It is a complete change from anything you've read since his last book, and as opening up a new field of adventure, and giving you a taste of a most peculiar thrill, you might be glad to read it, even if you haven't been hunting through literature for something on caves.

"Cave Men" is, very largely, keyed around a tragic cave woman; for over a hundred pages tell of a sinister hole in the snow of the Pyrenees known as "La Berne-Morte", into which a woman fell. The explorers of caves (speleologists) went down to fetch her the bottom; but a narrow opening led to further depths; and each time they thought they had touched bottom some other similar opening led them on. For days and nights they had a camp 800 feet underground which was by

no means mainly beer and dainties—

On the sloping chaos of rocks and water which formed the floor of the hole, after the heavy and seemingly endless task of transporting the material, we turned to another task which appeared to be quite devoid of sense. We proceeded to unfold and set up three tents; we were to camp underground, such was the decision of our leader Trombe, who had selected this unusual and singularly unhealthy spot as our base camp. Nevertheless, the tent went up, the gay-ropes had to boulders as the ground was too rocky to drive in pegs and soon the sixteen of us, exhausted by our long spell of hard work, endeavored to creep into them.

To live in this strange camp, the party, consisting of members of the Speleo Club from Paris, had climbed down a sheer chimney of rock, down

and down into the ground, swinging on a windless, crawling underground stream, and dropping down still further.

Using this camp on a slab of rock in this vast chamber as their base, they dropped down another 100-metre chimney to an underground lake made their way through, dropped down another crevice and found their way through mud and ascending water 15 ft., at a depth of 446 metres (1,495 feet) they struck bottom—a winding underground river.

"It's eleven at night," remarked Leubens.

"We are here four hundred and forty-six metres down," came my answer; "La Berne-Morte is the deepest vertical pot-hole in France."

"Then I took him by the shoulders and embraced him, adding with some emotion: 'It's a wonderful birthday for me. I couldn't have wished better, La Berne-Morte sending a crown on my career just when I have reached fifty.'"

Of course, there are a good many people who would not regard this as a quite suitable fiftieth birthday celebration, but they will understand, by the time they have read the most amazing underground adventure, why Castet, who really lives this sort of thing, was so thrilled. One of the greatest joys in enjoying "Cave Men" is the illustration with photographs.

"Cave Men" isn't quite the book that "Ten Years Under the Earth" was; yet, for the first edition, on that amazing descent into the forbidding abyss of La Berne-Morte, it more than worth while for everybody who likes to read of coldly calculated yet briefly taken. You could say that it is mountaineering in reverse, this digging down instead of climbing up, and you could certainly say that it is "mountaineering plus" as a spine-chiller.

"Cave Men New and Old" by Norbert Castet, translated by H. L. G. Irving, with 16 pages of photographic plates and a diagram; published by J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., London; obtainable from Angus and Robertson Ltd., Sydney. Price, 20s.)



1915



1916



1918



1922



1924



1927



1930



1931



1936



1942



1944



1951

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SUMMER



WITH the warmer spring weather again upon us, we can turn our attention to the tropics, the island paradises, sunny, quiet, exotic splendour. If you are unable to relax in the luxury of a holiday in these places, well you can do the next best thing—stock your water-weight clothing away in the wardrobe and dress to suit a summer world.

Perhaps the most important single contributing factor to modern summer fashion clothing, and to more colourful men's clothing generally in recent years, comes from the South Sea Islands. And of this contribution the most prominent manifestation is certainly the shirt.

Our more sensible short of recent years, the T-shirt, with its straighter line, water-repelling hang outside the trouser waist, is a direct descendant of the "buka" or the "Aloha" shirt, as worn almost universally throughout the South Seas. The polychrome native designs on these shirts are already familiar, but they are not by any means too familiar as dress to lose their distinctive charm. For sports and beach wear in the coming summer months, Hawaii is well in the fashion vanguard.

News From The Islands

Ted Morrisey, journalist and fashion writer, recently returned from a two-month holiday in Suva, gives me a further glowing account of what gives in men's wear up there. He is especially enthusiastic over the Florist tropical-weight hat woven of pandanus palm by natives of the Gilbert Islands. It is much lighter, is softer and finer than the better-known Panama, and has a wider brim. Ted tells me it is being worn extensively in New Zealand, and that it should be plugged much more extensively.



here. The virtue of any straw hat, once stressing first. Despite the heat of Australia's blazing sun, which makes light weaves in headwear an obvious—in fact, an imperative—directive here, most Australians stick to the felt. The light straw is still an exception to the rule. Why?

As for colours and fresh designs, the Australian hat is certainly backward when it comes to decoration. In the islands they wear colourful bands of contrasting materials. One such band, Ted tells me, is made up of coloured seashells. That may be extreme for city wear, but it should look all right on the beach.

In the islands, breezes, suspenders, and all the other paraphernalia of the civilized world are, of course, unknown. The natives wear colourful belts woven often of the same pandanus leaf, and in typical native designs.

Pyjamas, as we know them are practically



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Read these absorbing features from the issue now on sale

G-MAN'S
WIFE
THE
INVISIBLE
CAMEL

Digest of DIGESTS

out To sleep in that heat in a buttoned up suit would be impossible. Such a sort of strong wrapped loosely around the lower part of the body, are more comfortable—loose and cool.

To complete the overall Hawaiian picture, add a pair of sandals. With possible slight modification you now have a man suitably and attractively attired to meet the summer. If you feel a little too conservative to face the stares of Martin Place wearing a white Aloha shirt with purple lilius figures, a broad-brimmed pandanus with shark's tooth band, and palm sandals, at least you can sport these or something like them on week-ends.

Why can't we enjoy our town wear as we do our beach and sports wear? It's not impossible. In Italy, another warm and sunny country, it is an understood and acknowledged thing that business executives do not, as a rule, wear ties. The shirt collar is worn (buttoned and under the lapel—not necessarily spread out like our amateur sports types here) without any constriction choking the neck.

African Prints

The shirt is the centre of apparel gravity for all of us, especially in the summer months. Take, for instance, this selection of Celypso shirts.



These are in synthetic rayon fabrics, used for both shirts and swim trunks. These also are fashion derivatives from a more exotic (not to say a more barbaric) source, this time from the Dark Continent. African prints vie with the South Seas and with the Cuban, Caribbean, more Latin, South American areas—for pride of place in the determination of flamboyant shirting throughout the world. Not all these shirts are in synthetic materials. One particularly attractive shirt is in light cotton. Colours are blue, white, orange, red, yellow—not all at once, necessarily—in two-shade contrasts.

Before we leave the shirt front, let me again refer to the absence of ties—no tie's necessary to add a tie to an already highly coloured shirt. A tie—a coloured tie—is in place strictly only to add colour to a plain shirt... But even a plain shirt collar can look good without a tie. The latest development in this connection is the new "stand-up fold" collar construction which may be worn tie-less as shown on page 66.

Casual Jackets

Men's clothes do not change so rapidly or so often as women's. The drapes has achieved fifty feminine fluctuations in the last five years. But nevertheless every few months brings some change. Let me nominate as the latest ensemble this casual jacket.

It is in tropical rayon, crease-resistant, four buttoned pockets. Colours: Light Grey, Copper, Jade or Navy. This makes the grade easily, so the best thing I've seen this year.

Incidentally, it illustrates what I've been saying on doing without a tie. Look at that—"stand-up fold"—collar effect I was telling you about.

And you might notice the model has not omitted any detail. His sun-glasses, for instance, tone perfectly with his clothes. How many of us wear spectacles which clash hideously with our clothes, with the shape of our noses, with everything!... A correspondent tells me that it is not only the umbrellas which add respectability to one's attire. He points out that spectacles also are respectable armor.

But glasses need not look as ridiculously feeble and innocuous. They can be welcome appearance adjuncts. It has always been a problem, this spectacle business—not only in caking out defective sight, but in commanding a visual presence, which is so much more important. In the past we have had the monocle: this was meant to freeze one's inferiority. The lorgnette, too, as is well known, always kept the "bel paillet" down. Well, we don't want to demonstrate our superiority, like a German colonel. But we do, or we should, make sure our eyewear is in good taste, that it harmonizes with dress and personality.

We mostly overcome the problem by having our glasses in a spectacle case in the pocket... The other man illustrated carries his racing "spectacles", his binoculars, when not in use. It would be most ridiculous if he had them hanging on his ears. He, by the way, has another effective

17-27

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For All Kidney, Bladder, Urinary



casual jacket on. A two-tone pastel sports coat. Bond's toothy grin body and contrasting glistening panel and collar.

The more formal jacket and suit proper has altered only very slightly since I last commented on it. I think the May issue of MAN. But there is that slight change. The exaggerated width of the former straight and loose-line drape has slipped out of favour. The official version, the American lounge model, has a more natural shoulder line and a little more of a nap in at the waist. This reduces the straight lines and excess fullness over the chest and blocks, but the Australian wearer may not be ready for it yet.

It seems at present that the attempt to reduce the width of trouser legs to 18-inch cuffs is going to get a rebuff from all but the be-hop boys. Perhaps it is their adoption of the style

combined with strange, shaggy haircuts and exaggerated that has put a period to trouser identification in this country. However, the fact remains, there for all to see—no reduce trouser widths for the man about town. The man about town is, rather, on the cut and drape of the trousers which must definitely be cut fit and hang from the waist and not from the shoulders. The courtesy of the old elastic is most important in smartness and comfort, since the new piece suit so greatly favoured now leaves the waist open to inspection—and any waist to inspection must, of course, be neat to see.

Neat Hems at Random

• Famous hat firm, John B. Stetson, is experimenting with a headgear featuring protective cloth for the face to withstand atomic explosion burns. Let's hope this never becomes fashion "must".

• Also from American sources, news of a rubber and wax insulated shoe which reduces perspiration and yet retains warmth, minimum danger of colds.

• Darton cufflinks. The tartan cloth is lined under clear plastic, with silver-plated frames.

• Tortoise-shell watchbands. With inlaid designs in silver showing through.

• An American shirt, the "Super-Fit", which guarantees that collar and cuffs will outlast the body of the shirt. (It doesn't sound like a pop-dream, or an advertiser's puff. The fabric used is claimed to be some 50% stronger than that of the average shirt.)



"Are you getting ready for bed, or preparing to join the English Channel?"

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AT ALL MEN'S STORES
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The Sea and the Sinner

(Continued from page 53)

refill the glass. Pedder held up his hand to stop me and looked at Fran.

"Do you want another one, darling?"

She looked at me. "Thank you," she said.

"Are you sure, darling?" Pedder said.

"Yes, thank you."

"Very well, then," Pedder said.

I filled the glasses slowly, wondering what it would feel like to sink my fat into Pedder's round stomach. I tried to catch Fran's eye, but she was looking down at her ankle, where a thread of silk had broken. I took a box of cigarettes from the cabinet.

"Cigarettes?"

Fran didn't look up. "I don't smoke, thanks."

I remembered how Fran used to smoke, then I passed the cigarettes to Pedder, but he said he preferred a cigar. He was dressed in a lounge suit, had on a bold cravat with a ruby in it, and a bandierchief stood up from his pocket. I was wearing slacks, an open shirt, and sandals. And I wasn't going to dress for dinner, either.

"We're on our way," Pedder said.

"Sure." The glasses were empty again. I felt cursed and decided to fill them again to see what would happen. I filled Fran's glass while Pedder wasn't looking. When he saw, he jerked his head suddenly.

"You don't want any more, darling?"

"This one," she said.

"No more, darling. I forbid it."

"This one won't hurt me."

"I forbid it." He lurched to his feet, took her glass and put it on the cabinet. I stood still, trying to hold my temper back, trying to remember we were all living in a fifty-foot launch, and couldn't escape one another if we tried. I wanted to catch Fran's eyes to see if they would tell me anything, but she wouldn't look up. There was another long silence. Then Damon came in.

"Okay," I said. "Dinner."

It wasn't the pleasant meal I've had. Fran was fairly silent. When Pedder spoke to her she answered belatedly and respectfully—"Yes, dear, no, dear"—and Pedder talked as though he were presiding at a formal dinner.

We had coffee afterwards and then I went up on deck to take over from Jason, who would be off until midnight.



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"Oh!" It seemed unimportant.

"Padder found it." I looked at her. The light from the instrument did show up from below her face, and I could see the tension of her lips.

"So what?" I said. She shrugged. "So nothing. He merely looked at the hand-orchestra and then at me. He didn't say anything."

"What did he think, huh?" She looked directly at me, her eyes trying to tell me as much as the words she spoke. Padder has a unique mind," she said. "He never thinks the same way as other people. He never uses logic. Or perhaps he over-uses logic. I'm not happy with him, Johnny. You know that?"

"I sort of guessed." "He wanted to come on this cruise with you so he could brag about having married me."

That was about the way I'd summed him up. I kicked the wheel over a little but watched an occasional wave break into a crest. It was rougher. The boat didn't change, but there was a steady, regular rise and fall, and now and then a roll which made you brace the muscles of your legs.

"What's happened to your spirit?" I said to Fran. "Once you were a spiffier. Fran, and now you sit back and take everything the big cube hands out."

She didn't answer immediately. Then she said, "It's hard to talk about some things, Johnny. Hard to explain. On top of everything else, Padder is cruel. I've learned that it's better to sit back and take it rather than fight."

"Like that?" I said. "Yes; only worse." She snipped the cigarette away. "Things don't always turn out the way you expect them to."

There was no need for her to tell me that. The way I'd wanted and expected to have things turn couldn't have gone more off the rails. I'd wanted Fran.

"I always wanted to marry you," I said. She turned very quickly. "See that again?"

"You knew. You must have known."

"Johnny," she said. "Why didn't you ask me?" Because I was a hack writer not potting anywhere," I told her. "Because I had no money. Because my prospects were 'maw. Because I couldn't keep myself, let alone you as well. Because it would have been a crazy thing to ask."

She was breathing quickly

and deeply. I could hear that above the noise of the sea. I handed her another cigarette, and she took it without knowing it.

"Johnny, Johnny, Johnny?" she breathed. "I dreamed about that, about struggling with you, staring with you if I had to, being with you when you broke through, being your wife. But you never asked. I thought you never would ask. I was so sure of it that I married Padder. I didn't care. I was crying when I married Padder because I wanted him to be you."

Something came up into my throat. I wanted to hold Fran and make a year of phantoms come true, and find her arms were flesh and blood, and her lips fresh and moist, and her little body yielding, and feel her heart beating against mine.

"I'm sorry, Fran," I said. She threw away her half-stuffed cigarette. "I'm going back to bed," she said abruptly, and then I was alone again.

We made Suva without any trouble. It was there that Padder turned convention aside and appeared in shirts. He had pink legs with yellow holes on them, and there was something revolting about him. I felt ashamed for being with him. We spent a lot of time on the beach. Fran and I, swimming. Padder sitting on a chair in the shade of the trees, and giving Fran a lot of instructions. When we went out buying things he would never give Fran any money; she had to ask him if she could have this or that, and then he would think about it before letting her have her own way, which wasn't often.

We left Suva after staying a few days, leaving early in the morning for Samoa. Padder's legs were sunburnt, blistered at the backs of his knees, and he was in a vile temper. He came up to me in the middle of the morning.

"I'm going to have a whisky," he said. "Okay, Padder." "Might relieve the pain." "Sure."

Fran was lying on the forward deck, wearing a sunsuit, and I could see the glossy brown of her legs, the smooth curve of her body, and the way her hair fell on to the cushion under her head. It was my watch until noon, and I decided I would have stayed there gladly all day so long as Fran remained where she was. She rolled over, smiled at me, then lay with her arm shaking her eye.

I didn't see Padder again until I'd come off duty, but he

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ICI 14

sure must have punished that whisky. He was getting thoroughly ripe, but he wasn't an affable drunkard—he got bel-ligerent, tough, stupid. He glared at me.

I looked in to see if Demon was getting on grub ready, and then I went up to Fran. "He's getting drunk, isn't he?" she said.

"He's headed that way fast." Demon changed the gear. Padder was already sitting in the saloon, bolstered up with cushions and obviously uncomfortable.

There was a bit of a sea running when I took the wheel that night, although the wind was peculiarly sticky and warm.

A little later on Fran came up. She walked stiffly, and even in the terse darkness lighted only by the glow from the panel, I could see she was pale.

"I want you, Johnny," she said.

"Okay?"

"We'll go into your cabin," Fran said.

We went in. Fran took off her bolero and then unlatched her blouse. Then she lay down flat on my bed.

"I think Padder's broken two of my ribs," she said.

"Hell!"

"He hit me with the whisky bottle."

I didn't say anything more, although I felt a bit. I took off her blouse and saw the swelling on her ribs, low down on the right side. I explored the house as tenderly as I could, trying to feel the break in the bones. The break was there all right. I got material from the first-aid kit and taped-up her chest. She winced a couple of times but said nothing.

I put a cigarette between her lips and lit it for her.

We stayed there until she had finished her cigarette, and then we went out again. Padder had got up; now he stood holding a half-filled glass, glaring at me.

"I hope you food her up," he said harshly.

I tried to keep my temper. "Sure."

"You going on deck again?" Fran said.

"I'll get you some cushion," I said.

Padder came up half-an-hour later, his voice clear over the sound of the water. He was shouting at Fran, telling her to get below and so to bed. I didn't hear Fran's reply, but I fancy she defied him.

And it was that night that Padder went overboard. There was just a sort of a gulping yell and a splash, and nothing

30?



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Drysdale Wet . . .

One of Australia's most isolated outposts is the Drysdale River Mission in the North-west of W.A. Its only connection with the outside world is a State-owned coastal steamer, which visits the entrance to the Drysdale River once every six months—at weather permits. For five months it is impossible to get to or from the Mission, when the Java Monsoon deluges the area. In that once hostile native area the Fathers of the Mission, with native labour, grew tropic fruit, rice, coconuts, peanuts, vegetables and even tobacco. Mules are the only means of transport, horses cannot live there owing to the dreaded "walk-about" disease to which mules are not subject. The sale of cattle provides Mission funds —"Sweeney Hobbs"

Dogsers . . .

Not all water diversers use a forked stick. I knew a man who gripped a straight stick between his hands, walking with the stick held horizontally. When he passed over water, the stick dipped to one side. Another man used a flat stone, buried about a foot beneath the surface of the ground. The stone had to be perfectly dry. Following down he would dig the flat stone up and examine it. If he found it wet underneath he reckoned that there was good water not far below. He said water rose at night, and according to the amount of moisture on the under surface of the flat stone he could estimate the depth at which water would be found. Another dogserv who worked with considerable success on Monaro walked about with his hands in his pockets, and claimed that he received twinges of pain all over his body when he walked over water. He judged the depth of the water by the severity of the pain.—A.T.

Old New Road . . .

Travelled down Victoria Pass, sometimes called Mitchell's Pass, west of Mt. Vic-

Beneath The Southern Cross

toke, on the Blue Mountains of N.S.W., notice a neglected branch. It looks like the old road, but actually it is the new road. The road down the Victoria Pass was built by Major Mitchell in 1822 to replace the almost impassable road built by Cox down Mt. York. Early cars found the steep Victoria Pass too steep, so an attempt was made to find another route with an easier grade. This was considered impossible, but a man named Berghofer constructed the road now known as Berghofer's Pass. He began in 1907, and after many delays finally finished and opened it for traffic in 1912. This became the main road, and Victoria Pass was allowed to fall into disrepair. As more powerful cars came on the road, the highway was tarred and the Victoria Pass in 1920 widened and surfaced, became the main road. The Berghofer Pass has fallen into a bad state, and now gives the impression that it might have been a pioneer road over the Mountains.—Hurks.

Tailless Dingoes . . .

There used to be tailless dingoes about the Monaro. They were not new species, but normal dingoes robbed of their tails by an unscrupulous dogger, when a substantial bonus was paid on production of a dingo's tail. Doggers tried to capture dingoes alive, particularly young ones. These were deprived of their tails and they were then released so that they could continue breeding. When the law insisted on having the scalp of the dingo before paying the bonus, cutting dingo tails ceased. This did not prevent unscrupulous doggers from making extra money, any domestic dog that looked like a dingo being in danger. Some even doctored dog scalps to look like those of dingoes. At one time a bonus of 5/- a scalp was paid in one area, while less than fifty miles away the bonus was £1. There was considerable trafficking in scalps until a uniform rule was fixed.—A.T.



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YOUR HEALTH



troubles of the CHEST

THESE are hundreds (or thousands) of citizens in Sydney, in New South Wales, who have dismissed the troublesome cough as due to cigarettes. But possibly some of them have stopped smoking, and the cough has persisted. It wasn't a cigarette cough after all, it was an early symptom of tuberculosis.

A light, dry cough, nothing much, admittedly, but a cough. Perhaps once or twice, during the night, young Jack has awakened in a sweat, and thrown off the bedclothes. He did not know that night sweats, temperatures that mounted while he was asleep, were an indication that the cough did not come from a cigarette-burnt throat, but from a more deep-seated trouble, in the chest. Never explain a night-sweat with "Too many bedclothes", or "It's too hot for a blanket".

But there it is. Take a cough, light and dry; take a slight rise in temperature at night; take with this a tendency to lack of energy, lassitude; and you have a combination that adds up to tuberculosis, consumption of the lungs, in its early stages.

Of course, it may be a cigarette cough; it may be a temporary chill that brings up the temperature at night. But how can you tell?

There is only one way to tell the X-ray. Mass X-ray

tests of the community have brought to light cases among the best people, and have reassured the worst people that they have nothing to fear. For tuberculosis, no respecter of persons, spread by sneeze or by breath from sufferer to non-sufferer in lift or bar or crowded nightclub, does not choose when it will destroy; but destroy it does.

One of the worst things that ever happened from the point of view of sufferers, is that a surgeon got about concerning the splitting of blood, etc. These symptoms are those of late, well-developed tuberculosis. They tell the story of a disease too far advanced to be treated with any surety of success, because tuberculosis of that grade is usually past treatment. And the people who wait for signs so sure and positive, are just that sure and positive that they are beyond repair.

But there are those who cynically say, "What good can be done if this cough is actually tuberculous? TB is incurable, isn't it?"

Well, yes and no. The blood-splitting kind of TB is not that which the medicine can usually cope with; but taken in the early stages, the disease is curable. And to be taken in the early stages it must be detected by X-ray. If TB is detected early enough, it will respond to treatment, and a cure can be assured.

That is, if it is caught early enough. There can be no definite hope for neglected cases.

More practical by far is the preventive attitude; the sensible, big question, as to how people can be prevented from contracting tuberculosis.

Broadly there are three phases: sensible, healthy, hygienic living, check-up on health, and vaccination.

Hygienic living consists of good diet, lean air, adequate rest, and avoidance as far as possible of sites of infection, especially where a healthy person is in contact with a sufferer.

Check-up means X-ray to detect any weakness of the lungs. Tuberculosis taken in its early stages can be checked and cured; when blood-spitting begins, the disease is often so far advanced that no check or cure may ever be effected. One X-ray is not enough; regular X-rays are necessary to assure the individual that he has not contracted it after the original check.

Vaccination is still a most potent tool since 1921 a vaccine, the BCG (Bacillus Calmette Guérin) has been in existence. Where a Mantoux test shows that a person is free of tuberculosis, a BCG injection is believed to immunize and prevent the disease being contracted.

In Scandinavian countries it is widely used, and statistics show (to say the least) an

amazing fall of tuberculosis cases among people vaccinated. On the other hand, in the U.S.A., where exhaustive tests are still being carried out, authorities like J. Arthur Myers, of Minneapolis, will not express support of the method.

Yet in the U.S.A., where BCG has been used on a group of Red Indians, among 1,260 people vaccinated, 49 died from other causes but only six from tuberculosis, while among 1,457 unvaccinated cases, 52 died from tuberculosis and 55 from other causes.

Similar results have been seen elsewhere. In Sweden, in a population of 220,000, there were 22,613 vaccinations since 1942, and during the period 1942-47 only one person contracted tuberculosis.

These results seem to point to the fact that the BCG vaccine, little known here, has some value, and the least one can say about it is that, in view of its results, it ought to be investigated urgently with a view to use.

But apart from that, it is competent to everybody to avoid the major threat of tuberculosis (a) by checking up with X-ray; (b) by living sensibly and hygienically; (c) by not neglecting apparently trifling systems like a small but persistent cough, and night sweats.

—Medicus Viribus



Sara Barlowe made her entrance
like a strip-girl coming on stage.
But she wasn't the sort to say:—

**MAKE
MINE
MURDER**

By FRED JAMES

DREAMILY I gazed into Gloria's pert face.

Would it, I thought, be worth the trouble, or was she really a nice girl? Gloria was the new receptionist at Eastern Insurance Investigations. Mod-headed, young and with the curvaceous figure of a burlesque queen, she had all the necessary qualifications. But naive, very!

Then, shattering my indecision came the barking voice of the Old Man, over the inter-office 'phone.

"Mrs Rolston! Have Mr Blend come in, please."

I sighed, smiling a little sadly at Gloria, and marched to the door marked "A. Bennett—General Manager."

"All right, close the door." The Old Man sat straight as a ram-rod behind his big desk. A perfect double for Andrew Jackson, I thought, with that shock of silvery hair and those piercing blue eyes.

Colin Hardman



By Appointment
to H.M. King
George VI



By Appointment
to H.M. King
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"Sit down, Gene," he invited. I dropped carelessly into the chair beside his desk.

"I have a job for you. It's one of those things that must be handled with the utmost discretion." He paused. "That's the reason you were selected."

"Right," I agreed. "Now, three years ago Frank Barlow took out a policy with Massachusetts Mutual on his life to the amount of \$50,000 dollars, double indemnity, naming Richard Morgan as beneficiary. Everything in order, premiums paid, and so on."

"And?" I prompted, as he hesitated.

"Yesterday morning he was found dead in his apartment."

"Oh?" I was beginning to get interested.

"Don't forget, Gene, I warned you. You're not to investigate his death. We simply want to know why Barlow would name a business acquaintance as beneficiary on a \$50,000 dollar policy. And, of course, any other pertinent facts."

"I see."

"That's about all, I believe." I started to rise. "Ah . . . what did Barlow die of?"

"The Old Man named a moment 'A hole in the head.'"

I squashed my cigarette in the ashtray and settled back. "Murder."

"The Old Man nodded. 'Locked door, no gun, and indications of burglary.'"

"What was stolen?"

"Nothing that can be accounted for."

"Hum?"

"Well, that's it."

"In other words, it's possible that this Morgan bumped Barlow for the insurance?"

"Give us a report as soon as possible."

"Right," I strode out the door, past the reception desk without so much as a glance in Gloria's direction, and over to the filing section. And I studied the report sent to me by Massachusetts Mutual.

Frank Barlow, the grandson of one of the heaviest stockholders in American Railways, was considered a rich man. At the time of his death, he was fifty-three years old and had no known employment. Temporarily he had been engaged in an investment brokerage with Richard Morgan; otherwise, had lived entirely on the income left him in two trust-funds, one from his father and the other from his grandfather. He had been married three times. His first wife, divorced, resided in California; his second wife had died in childbirth, leaving him a daughter, Margaret, his third wife was separated from him. Apparently his chief occupations in life had been wine, women and gambling. The executors of his will were Cummings and Gravenall, an old reliable firm.

I put the report away and moodily walked out of the office. A hell of a nice assignment! He very carefully. Use utmost discretion! Just find out why Barlow would name Morgan as beneficiary on a \$50,000 policy. And get a quick report! Well . . . of course, it wasn't careful and it wasn't discreet, but the quickest way was to ask Richard Morgan.

"Why do you want to know?" he countered, when I asked him.

Richard Morgan was still an investment broker, according to the office door. His secretary was blonde and beautiful.



"Two together down front—and one somewhere far away."

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Whisky and Soda, Sir?

LORD DAWSON OF PENN, King's physician, said — "Alcohol in moderation is beneficial. It aids digestion and revives a man's energies after a day's toil. There is no time in our civilization when alcohol — properly taken — served a more useful purpose than now." Possibly you prefer whisky and soda, or water. Soda and water, each with ice, are about even in popularity with whisky drinkers, whilst a minority show a preference for dry ginger. Few take their whisky neat.

Behind the friendly, amber glow in your glass lies a story of unusual interest.

Contrary to the accepted theory, whisky is not a comparatively modern drink. Records reveal that it was first distilled by the Celts, which shows it to be one of the most ancient beverages.

The first recorded reference to whisky by an Englishman was about 1180, when members of the forces of Henry II, on invading Ireland, reported that they found the enemy drinking a "kind of aqua vitae" or, as it was called by the Celts, "Uisgebaugh." It is from this term that the modern word "whisky" is derived.

Methods of distillation although primitive, were satisfactory, but a revolution in distilling occurred in 1830. Then, an excise officer named James Coffey invented his famous still, which proved so efficient that today Coffey stills are in use in most big distilleries. The advent of the Coffey still produced a lighter type of spirit. Hitherto whisky had been made from pure malt through a Pot Still, which essentially produced a heavy spirit. The most popular whiskies of today are those comprised of a blend of the old Pot Still and the Coffey Still spirits. The introduction of these lighter blended whiskies marked a very great advance in the popularity of whisky. We must go back nearly eighty-five years for the start of whisky making in Australia. In 1866 Myer's Ballarat Distillery was established near Lake Wendouree. Later it was transferred to Darnmoor and became known as Brind's Distillery.

In 1922 negotiations were completed for the amalgamation of all of the whisky distilleries then operating in Victoria, and Federal Distilleries Pty Ltd, a £750,000 company, was formed. In 1928 the great Scottish Company, The Distillers Co. Ltd, in conjunction with some of the leading wine and spirit merchants in Australia, built the new famous Corio Distillery on Corio Bay, five miles north of Geelong, Victoria.

This location was chosen because of the ideal qualities of the water which comes from the upper reaches of the Barwon River in the Otway Ranges. When this newly formed company, The Distillers Corporation Pty Ltd, absorbed the Federal Distilleries Pty Ltd, the joint company became known as The United Distillers Pty Ltd. The best known whiskies produced at Corio include "Corio Special" and "Glenmor."

From the receipt of grain to casking of young whisky for maturation is a fascinating story of scientific exactitude. The first stage calls for a careful choice of barley, and the equally careful malting of a proportion of it, an operation which malsters take a lifetime to perfect. Before the barley reaches the fermenters all the starch in it must be converted into sugar. To do this the plain barley grist is first steam-cooked then mixed with the malted barley grist. The mixture is kept agitated in hot water, the action turning the barley starch into maltose sugar.

The liquor, known as wort, now contains the sugar and nourishing goodness of the barley. It is partially cooled by being run into a large vessel, known as an under-back. From the under-back, through a scientifically constructed cooling system, the wort is cooled and run into large fermenting vats of 20,000 to 40,000 gallons each. Living yeast is added to each vat and the fermentation begins and continues for some days until the fermented liquor now called wash, is ready for the still.

The Corio Distillery is equipped with stills of two types, the "Pot" and the "Patent." The "Patent" still is of the Coffey

pattern, mentioned earlier. This still contains miles of copper piping and, by delicate manipulation and precision control, is able to separate the spirit. From the still of either type the middle fraction, being pure spirit, is run to the spirit receivers and from there transferred to the spirit store and bonded off into casks of the finest selected oak, for maturation.

Notwithstanding the Regulations laid down by the Commonwealth Government that whisky need be only two years old before sale, not one drop of Corio Whisky is sold until it is at least five years old. Age is essential in a whisky. Without age it cannot be mellow. At Corio, the ageing is done in oak casks, for nothing serves so well as oak. After its long sleep comes careful blending, to bring out the special

virtues of the pure whisky that go to make Corio Special, and other aged and blended whiskies produced by The United Distillers. Finally comes machine bottling, sealing and labelling ready for despatch. All operations, including the scientific blending of the various whiskies are done under the supervision of the Commonwealth Excise Department.

The very history and tradition of whisky demand that it be treated with a certain grace — that, in its enjoyment, the many niceties of drinking be observed. Only by observing the little ceremonies — the traditions — of whisky is one able to get a deep appreciation of the words of a writer in the *Times* of Queen Elizabeth: "Tis it is a sovereign liquor if it be orderlie taken."

What makes CORIO SPECIAL?

Two things. The way it's made — from the finest barley, malt and grain — and the way it's aged. Made in accordance with the accepted practice of the world's greatest distilleries, Corio Special is matured in oak casks for at least five years — nearly three times the period required by Commonwealth Law.



You and your guests will appreciate
CORIO SPECIAL
Old Whisky

10/12

ful. The inner office was beautiful too—a deep-red rug, velvet blinds, a leather-covered couch and chair to match, a small whisky cabinet, and a massive mahogany desk. Morgan suited the furnishings.

"It's this way, Mr. Morgan. A policy holder dies under suspicious circumstances. The beneficiary on that policy, according to logic, shouldn't really be a beneficiary. I mean, a man usually makes a member of his family beneficiary."

"The police have already been to see me."

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Morgan. I'm not investigating the murder, at all. To put it bluntly, and naturally you aren't forced to explain, we would like to know why you were named beneficiary on that policy."

"Well, I don't see what harm

... Really, it was quite simple," he continued. "Frank was a rather heavy gambler all his life. Very irresponsible sort of fellow. Anyway, this particular time, about three years ago, I believe, he'd lost more heavily than he could afford to."

"Excuse me, Mr. Morgan. What do you mean, 'afford to'?"

"Frank was left a trust fund by his father, from which he received five hundred dollars a month. The small fortune willed him at his mother's death, he went through very quickly. Consequently his only source of income was the trust fund."

I nodded. Evidently Morgan didn't know about the second trust fund.

"He approached me for a loan of \$5,000 dollars. I didn't feel that I could take the chance on advancing him that much myself."

"He proposed to give me the income on the trust for the duration of his life. And to assure it, make me a beneficiary on the policy in question. Well, arrangements were made, I advanced him the money he requested, and a short time later we dissolved partnership."

"Why?"

"Did we dissolve? Nothing to do with the loan, I assure you. Frank had never actually worked. Our partnership was just a whim as far as he was concerned. From my own point of view, he had acquaintances who were ... ah ... necessary to my business."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Morgan. I believe that explanation is very satisfactory."

Greenwald, of Cummings and Greenwald, remembered that trust fund deal readily enough when I explained why I was interested. He admitted that it had been a little unusual, but entirely legal. He also admitted, not quite so readily and in a very general way, that Barlowe's daughter would now receive all payments on that trust. She had already been notified.

That's why I went to see Morana Barlowe. Sure, I know, I wasn't to do any investigating on the murder. And Morgan had given me a satisfactory story, which Greenwald's statement seemed to bear out.

Morana Barlowe lived near the Village, just off Washington Square. Her apartment was on the first floor. I knocked once and a moment later the door opened.

"Miss Barlowe?" I asked, taking in the wrap-around smock, the horn-rimmed spectacles, and the old-maid hair-do.

"Yes?"

"I'm from Western Insurance. My name is Hild."



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"It isn't that I don't try, or that I'm dense... I just don't get it!"

"Yes?" Her eyes went all wondering that her smile was very attractive. "No, you see, after mother died, I lived with grandmother. She practically raised me. Father was almost that in name only."

"I understand," I said, but I didn't. However, I really didn't care about the history of the family. "By the way, if you don't mind telling me, who inherits?"

"It's no secret," she answered readily. "I was notified this morning that I am to receive one of the trust funds. The other will probably go to Sam."

"Sam?"

"His wife, the last one. But I'm not sure. We're to appear before Mr. Greenwald tomorrow morning." She rose. "If there's nothing else . . ."

"Just a question or two," I said hurriedly.

"Well, I have an appointment. And I haven't begun to dress. Would you excuse me?"

I stood up. "Of course. I'm sorry. I just . . ."

"Tell you what," she motioned toward the other end of the

room, "excuse yourself in my studio a while; then if I have a few minutes . . ."

Her studio was in one end of the long living room. The coal was well lighted by the afternoon sun that streamed in the high windows.

"Are you an artist?" I called.

"Let's say I paint," I could sense the note of amusement in her voice.

"Did you do these?"

"How do you like the one in the centre?"

"The one in the centre?" I stepped closer, peering. The one in the centre was of a grey room. A piece of mouldy-looking cheese and a rusty knife were suspended in a catch of an ash above a dirty table.

"Nice."

"I think it's the best thing I've done. So realistic."

I turned, then stopped, gazing at sentimental Artistic achievements! Could it be the same girl? Her hair was bright brown, waving to her shoulders. The glasses were gone and in their place were a pair of gay, twinkling, hazel eyes

Her complexion was strictly of the spring-time variety.

"They're not really very good are they, Mr. Bland?"

"No," I answered slowly, thinking of pictures and beach parties and sentimental tunes.

"but you do have ability."

"Thank you, anyway. You mentioned another question?"

"Not very important really. I say, Miss Barlowe, you've been so kind, I wonder if I might . . . would you care for a cocktail?" I finished lamely.

"Thank you again, but I do have an appointment!" Her full lips curved into the smile that I had found attractive before.

"Perhaps another time," I suggested hopefully, "when you're free. There are a few things I'd like to discuss with you after I've gone a little further with my investigation."

"I expect to be in town for lunch tomorrow. If that would be convenient for you?"

"Fine. Where?"

"Gilmore's!" She reached for the door.

Outside, she went one way

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She laughed harshly. "No
Frank didn't know anything to
the apartment that was worth
stealing. As far as I know, he
didn't have anything of value
anywhere. He was broke!"
"Oh?"

"Flat broke! Everything he
ever had he gave away or lost
gambling. He sold the last
thing he owned, his mother's
home, to buy this place for me
as a wedding present—com-
pletely furnished, just the way
it is now. The income from
two trust-funds that were left
him, he was forced to use to
pay off his gambling debts.
Everything else he had he
threw away. No, he didn't
have anything left."

A moment later the maid en-
tered carrying a tray that held
a cocktail shaker and two
glasses. So I had a drink, a
hot Manhattan that went
down like water and set your
stomach on fire and returned
in waves to your head.

"Just what are you looking
for?" Sam asked.

"I might as well come clean.
A motive for murder and a
murderer."

"And you think I have a
motive?"

"Do you?"

"This house is in my name.
What would I have to gain by
Frank's death?"

"I'm asking you."

She sipped at her drink, then
shrugged. "If it's cleared, I
get the income from one trust-
fund. I'll know tomorrow."

"How much?"

"Five hundred a month."

I emptied my glass slowly.
So that made two of them.
And a lot premium on an in-
surance policy added up to
three. But which one? And
why? The why might answer
the which. Marjorie had her
paintings. Sam had his house;
Marjorie had his secretary—no,
his brokerage business. And I
had had two flat, strong Man-
hattanes. Better get out. Noth-
ing to learn here . . . about the
murder.

"Thank you for your time,
Mrs. Barlowe."

The next morning, sleeping
later than usual, I didn't re-
port to the office. Instead I
shaved carefully, shined my
shoes and set my suit out to
be pressed. The Old Man is
always lecturing me about
looking decent when I'm on
an investigation. On the dot
of one, I strolled into Gilmore's.

"Hello," I said, hoping the
hand-springs that my heart
was doing wouldn't show
through my coat.

"Hello." She slid a large
portfolio around so that I could
sit in the chair beside her.

"Find out anything yet,
Gene?" she asked.
"No, I haven't."

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unaccustomed as I am . . .

Opening Gambit . . .

Of course, I expect anybody who has time to be uneasy during my speech, and I'll forgive them for flinching . . .

Draw . . .

The two speakers were fighting when it started to rain. One of them went down. The

A few jests you can claim as your own — unless your listeners have read this page as well

other knelt on his chest and said, "Apologies?" "No," said the down man. After a while the man kneeling on him asked again, "Sorry?" "No," said the unrepentant loser. "Well get up and kneel on me for a while. I'm getting wet," said the first.

Many a man who gets a hundred words a minute out of his stenographer, gets two hundred a minute out of his wife.

The wife's always asking for money.

What does she do with it? Nothing. I don't give it to her.

Poor's Corner . . .

There was a young lady from Stern,
Who said to her young lover, Klam,
"If you kiss me, of course,
"You will have to use force—
"But I bet you are stronger
than I am."

I started to like girls the minute I discovered that they weren't boys.

Every man has his prize
Every woman has her figure,
Yes.

A tad is something that goes in one ear and out of the other.

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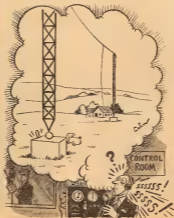
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Good men want their women to be like paper: something they become attached to, knock gently but lovingly, take good care of always.

A man will give you a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but never share a pipe.

We know a fool and his money are soon parted; but we'd like to know how he got it in the first place.

There was the dry cleaner who only sent back the coat and got sued for premises of breeches.

The man that figured out how to get 100,000 units of penicillin into one of those little tubes must have been a bus conductor.

Prisonery . . .

The train was in the station and the porter put his head into the carriage. "Anyone here for Medlow?" he shouted. There was no response. After the train had started in old grumbler up and spoke: "Gentle to Medlow m'elf," he stated "but damned if I'd let that damned inquisitive public servant."

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